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CITOYENNE JACQUELINE

IN THREE VOLUMES

"Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old faces looked in through the doors,
Old voices called me from without."

TENNYSON.

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE

A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution

By SARAH TYTLER

VOLUME III.

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CITOYENNE JACQUELINE

VOLUME III.

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUMMER LIFE IN THE PRISONS—GHOSTS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

THE Luxembourg, the Abbaye, La Force, the Châtelet, and six or eight other prisons in Paris, down to the Conciergerie, might now be said, in the light of the growing licence and disorder of the city, to be elegant retreats. People were, however, a little distrustful, and were anxious to get out of them, since the massacres of last September, now nearly a year ago. And besides, the tumbril was

still in attendance, though it now rattled to the gate only once or twice a week, and carried away no more than two or three persons at a time. But the French, as a rule, are strong nerved and contented, so they made the best of these prisons, and introduced into them their state ceremonial and their amusements.

In the middle of the summer of 1793 there were not above two or three thousand prisoners, and while the number was limited the company was naturally select. It consisted largely of ex-royalists, both nobles and people; mechanics from Lyons and Bordeaux, peasants from La Vendée, and a sprinkling of Lafayettists and Girondists. The etiquette between these widely-separated classes was easily settled and maintained. The quality, indeed, took pride in bestowing largesses on the people, and retaining them as their dependants.

The prisoners purchased their meals, which were wholesome if somewhat frugal. They were surrounded with a halo of romance, for they were eaten by these ductile men and women just as

children eat a tartine out of tinfoil, making believe it is cake and pudding, served up on solid silver. The attendants, though they styled Marquises and Baronnes Citoyens and Citoyennes, were overcome and borne down by the old supremacy, very much as the natives of Faye were frightened by Diane Ligny. They were amused, too, by the novelty of their position, and entertained by the sights they saw; and before their work became too hard and horribly complicated by the presence of the moutons—the prison spies,—they were in general good-natured gaolers.

In the evenings, the old card-tables were ranged, and the old circles of magnificent women, with grand deferential men leaning over their chairs, were formed. The toilets were the more recherché from the additional time allowed for their study, and the necessity of greater invention to produce variety in scanty wardrobes. At fixed hours, delicate hands were busy in public with purfling, tatting, and other pretty manœuvres, which the men's eyes watched curiously and admiringly. They were busier still in private on

taffetas and cashmere, crape and gauze. This frippery they could not send out, and there were not more than two or three dressmakers and milliners in durance to subject the materials to professional skill.

The cultivation of the mind was not neglected. The aristocratic prisoners had taken a disgust at the feasts of good morals and the sensibilities which had led to the degradation of their rank and the martyrdom of their king. There was a marked return among them to the caustic sarcasms and scientific mania of such bureaux as Madame Dudevant's. They ignored any expression of earnestness and emotion, and replaced it by well-bred scorn. Incarcerated savants offered lectures on chemistry and astronomy to improve the time in the evenings, and the séances were attended by large and applauding audiences, who declared themselves much edified by the severe acquirements thus obligingly and by short roads brought home to them. Persons of taste more purely literary were indulged with readings from Boileau's critiques and Voltaire's "Mérope;" and the light,

frolicsome Célestines and Augustes revelled in charades and bouts-rimés.

The French have always had a talent for friendship, a turn for gallantry ;—but the friendships and loves of the summer prisons were witty compacts or frivolous liaisons.

St. Lazar and the Luxembourg were reckoned the most aristocratic prisons. In the afternoons, when the inmates took their airings in the courtyards, neither Longchamps of old nor the Tuileries alleys showed more camellia-like human blossoms. Not only did the friends of the prisoners haunt the yellowing foliage of the Luxembourg gardens, but flocks of bourgeois, workmen, vagrants, sans-culottes, even insolent amazons of tricoteuses, paraded the walks to catch a faint reflection of the old unrivalled dignity and grace of their masters.

When a new prisoner arrived, if he was of the privileged order, the circles received him with courteous ceremony, and, rising to greet him, admitted him formally into their society.

There was one perceptible difference between

the life in these prison corridors and the life in the old châteaux. There was from the first a slight air of ghostliness about the circles, which all their pride and their compliments could not conceal; a cold, faded, haggard mockery hovered over their attempts at display and good fellowship.

Monsieur de Faye was in good company, but somehow he had got out of the way of relishing it. Not a man there had a grander air; but he could not fall again into the old round, as when he went every afternoon to kiss Madame's hand, and play cards with her and his daughter at the Tour de Faye. Those around him, however, were, for the most part, of a younger generation. He missed his sombre room, its trophies and its studies; the hamlet, its men, women, and children; the demesne, and the bocage, where he had followed the chase; the marsh, where he had shot snipes and wild ducks. He missed old, vinegar-faced, devoted Paul. He missed Maître Michel and Madame; and, above all, he missed Jacqueline. He missed her so terribly that he never asked himself what was the great dreary

blank in his life. There was nothing in the old palace of the Luxembourg to make up for these wants.

Monsieur took snuff and was gallant and philosophic, languidly holding himself aloof from his fellows. Still he would chat and play tric-trac sometimes with an old acquaintance, once Commandant but now Citoyen Bethune, a wiry, untameable little man, who loved to make points—points in a game, points in a grievance, points in his own trade of fortification, which, like the other trade of kingcraft, was turned upside down. More frequently Monsieur pondered and gazed wistfully at the girls with long curls waving to the waist, trains, and négligées, whose Court was a prison, but whose chatter never ceased any more than girls' chatter ceased in the old days at Versailles or Marly. A more wearisome confinement this than when old acquaintances in the King's and the Emperor's armies were forced to give and take arrests in Alsace or Westphalia, and were accustomed to let each other home on parole for the vintage.

All at once Monsieur roused himself, and became interested, even vigilant. Had the suspicions of prison plots, which were afterwards so lively and powerful, existed then, Monsieur might have been watched, or accused without any preliminary of meditating the deepest, most diabolical treason against the Convention. Yet he had received no token from the world without. He had found no note baked into his roll; he had no confection-box or snuff-box presented to him, provided with a secret spring, and disclosing to the proper person the arms of the royal family and the credentials of a leader in the royal cause; he had not so much as picked up a bouquet with the flowers arranged in an emblematic device. All Monsieur's animation arose from certain invitations to supper, which one corridor was in the habit of politely despatching to another, and in virtue of which Monsieur, with other gentlemen in attendance on the ladies of the corridor blanc, went to visit the occupants of the corridor bleu.

There was nothing in the corridor bleu or its

inmates to make an impression on a stranger. The same table, tabourets, and dishes; another president to be sure, but so like the other, that he might have been a twin brother. The company might have been the same, but with different names. The echo of the light, guarded, genteel conversation was alike. Still Monsieur showed himself unaccountably attracted to the corridor bleu. His attention rested without fail on a dark corner to the right of the president, since the particular evening when the corridors were paying and receiving a visit, and a dame or demoiselle —a late arrival, and alone, they said—was overcome by the heat, and fainted on the spot.

Monsieur availed himself of every permission to repair to the corridor bleu, and even incited Citoyen Commandant Bethune to have his famous point at tric-trac tried there, so as to afford him an excuse for being there at other seasons than meal-times.

The same group, however composed, was always in the dark corner, with a central figure bending over an embroidery frame. Monsieur did not

penetrate the women's phalanx beyond advancing near enough to see the pose of the figure, and hear the occasional low, hurried tones of a voice striking his ear distinctly among all the low voices of the women there. He did not remonstrate with the embroideress, as he might have done, on her risking her health by not taking air in the court. Only once or twice, when he had stayed within doors, did he detect a solitary figure stealing along in the outskirts of the company, and peeping up at the windows of his range of the building.

At length, one day when Citoyen Bethune was playing tric-trac in great glee, with an ex-admiral, in the corridor bleu, Monsieur of the corridor blanc, instead of remaining a spectator of the bloodless fight between the old captains on sea and land, began pacing backwards and forwards through the length and breadth of the salle from anteroom to anteroom. Sometimes he would stop to exchange a word with one or other of the groups which dotted his way. And by-and-bye he extended his march, like a sentinel wearied

of the proscribed bounds, till at last he came quite close to the working party in the corner.

"You are restless, Monsieur," observed a gay voice.

"Yes, Madame; like a gendarme who is running down a suspect," Monsieur answered her, as pleasantly. "Do I disturb you by my march?"

"Not at all; we, the poor quality, have had to do with so many of the real gendarmes, that it will perhaps do us good to mock them a little."

When Monsieur's next turn brought him to the back of the seat before the frame, it was empty. The embroideress had quitted it, and slipped to the other side of the screen.

Monsieur returned to the ci-devant commandant and ex-admiral, and stood awhile contemplating their moves. There was something emphatically Gallic in their engrossed faces and vivacious gesticulation. The clatter of the dice was intermingled with cries of "Voilà!" "Go, my friend; return from where thou hast set out;" while the players tapped their foreheads, clasped their hands,

and clutched dangerously at perruques which were never yet deranged in a single hair.

A game was ended, and Monsieur interfered to prevent the beginning of another. "Pardon, my Commandant; but perhaps you will permit me a single word apart on an affair in which I wish to have your advice," solicited Monsieur, blandly.

"With all my heart, Monsieur le Baron," replied the Commandant, cordially. "I think I know what it is," he added, as he linked his arm through Monsieur's, and walked alongside of him. "It is the stale fish we got yesterday: assuredly we ought to complain. The Convention may shut us up and guillotine us, but the dastards have no right to poison us by degrees."

"No, my friend, that is not it," said Monsieur, correcting him. "Have you not remarked that there is strange company in the Luxembourg?"

"Tredame! I think we have kept ourselves tolerably free from the bureaucracie," exclaimed the confidant, evidently puzzled; "but accidents

will happen. However, as being first here, Monsieur, it is my duty to warn you, that after all claims have been adjudged by the president, and even quarterings seen to, no objection from you can be introduced, without granting the privilege of a rencontre,—and I fear those villains of deputies would not allow it, not even with foils."

"But no rencontre is possible, my friend," explained the other, speaking as agreeably as ever, but with a little anxiety, as he tightened his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"What! so bad as that!" cried the Commandant, coming to a standstill and shrugging his shoulders; "the company must be low indeed."

"That depends on circumstances. I speak of ghosts."

"Of ghosts! my Baron," repeated the Commandant, betrayed into evincing his amazement, commiseration, and contempt. But recovering himself instantly, he backed out of the difficulty with his customary ease and politeness, "Excuse me, Monsieur, I am a sceptic."

"And I also," avowed Monsieur, coolly. "But suppose, for example, there were ghosts in the Luxembourg," he pursued, unshaken in his equanimity and determination.

"Suppose it if you will," the Commandant said, affably; "there would certainly be a great number and variety of these honest people, the ghosts, since the old foundation. The three queens, I doubt, would not be so pleasant as they were in life."

"But suppose, again, there was a ghost whom you had known?"

"That would be joyous among so many strangers," asserted the Commandant; "but, unfortunately, Messieurs the Ghosts are not given to be joyous. I should prefer, for my part, to have no further communication with that quality, except, perhaps, to give them the salute in defiling past them, they being our advance column."

"But let this ghost have been of your most cherished relations, of your own family?"

"Very good! That is why he is come, I suppose," interrupted the Commandant.

"Wait, wait, my friend," and Monsieur detained him gently; "this—this relation has also offended you, wounded you, outraged you?"

"Very possible," acknowledged the Commandant blowing his nose with a splendid flourish, by which he atoned somewhat for the raggedness of his handkerchief,—for the Commandant's funds were running low, and he was so happy as to have neither wife nor daughter in prison to mend his linen for him.

Monsieur now went to the root of the matter. "Would it make any difference in the conduct demanded of a gentleman," he said, "if the sinner stood in the light of a ghost where the rules of society had no longer any force, and where there could be no further satisfaction required from the guilty?"

"Zounds!" replied the Commandant, "the distinction is fine. You see I cannot tell what the etiquette of ghosts may be,—always supposing there are ghosts, and that they have an etiquette."

"Would you say now, Monsieur le Commandant," so Monsieur put the problem, "that the

injured man would be free from the laws of society, that he could relinquish hostilities, forgive his enemy, and restore his relation to the old position without loss of honour?"

"I should say," pronounced the Commandant, carefully, that there were offences which ought to go down with the offender to the grave, which no gentleman could forget. But as to sins against precedence, or place, or the forms of the world, —when there may be no forms in the next,—I should not object to restore a ghost to his grade, as that goes."

"I thank you, my Commandant," said Monsieur, accepting the decision gravely and with satisfaction. "You have answered me well; I detain you no longer from your tric-trac."

"Oh, don't mention it." He waved his hand in deprecation of his friend's gratitude as he spoke, and hastened back to the game.

The conversation had terminated where the promenade of the friends was arrested by the screen, and where they had halted to sum up the discussion. Monsieur waited till his ally had gone

to a few yards' distance, and then passed without hesitation beyond the barrier. "My daughter, my poor little one, do you hear? you are mine again since we are here. These prisons are the true sanctuaries, where all degrees are in train to cease. But God help you, why are you here? why did the man suffer it? and when you are in the Luxembourg, why do you play at hide-and-seek?"

Jacqueline was in his arms, clinging round his neck. The bliss was all the more exquisite for the past pain. The bliss of being forgiven was sweet, though it was only because her father condemned himself as a dying man. If she lived now to have a child, she would dare to look in its unconscious face, and not shrink from it as an unworthy mother, bringing only misfortune and guilt on its hapless head; for the condemnation was withdrawn, the debt was cancelled.

Her reconciliation with her father was complete. Monsieur was wonderfully tender to her, and after he had heard the details of her position, he forbore the most distant allusion either to her

rebellion, or to her new ties. But he did not introduce her to his society, he kept apart from it with her. Unless when the Commandant Bethune, or any other old acquaintance, voluntarily accosted him, he did not join his equals.

The story of Jacqueline's mésalliance had spread through the prison. There had even been altercations about it. Some independent spirits were disposed to relax the stringency of their discipline, adopting Citizen Bethune's sagacious criterion. They alleged, besides, that it was not half so great a difficulty as if Mademoiselle de Faye had been born of the people; and then the registrar had succeeded to the estate, like most registrars, and his brother had been a deputy to the Convention, which, it was true, was an abominable institution, yet nobody could deny its importance.

But there were stancher aristocrats, who regarded Jacqueline as a leveller of the worst description, and put her under the ban forthwith and for ever. "Had she been guilty of any liaison such as a demoiselle might indulge in; had she even been

a dame separated from her husband with éclat, we could have borne it; but to descend from her rank, forfeit her privileges, fly like an abandoned creature with a registrar,—she must be utterly lost to modesty and decency. We would not ride in the tumbril with her. if we could help it. Va! her father's heart is broken, he is imbecile," screamed these aristocrats.

"We will not offend anybody's virtue, my Jacqueline," observed Monsieur, quietly; "it is not reasonable that we should punish them for our sins. We will say 'Good day' to them peaceably, and live by ourselves, save when they choose to come to us."

Jacqueline had become lowly in her own eyes, but she set all the greater store on Monsieur's dignity and peace of mind. "Ah! my noble father, I have sentenced you to this isolation," Jacqueline said, sorrowfully.

"My child, if that were all, it were easily borne," said Monsieur, comforting her.

Father and daughter were thus thrown together, and in a great measure separated from the rest of

the company. The particular gaoler had sufficient good nature to transfer Jacqueline to the corridor blanc. There she sat next her father at table, and was shielded by him from slight and censure, as Maître Michel had shielded her at Faye from the rude sauciness of the villagers. She deserted the embroidery frame to work by him, and was proud to mend the lace of his cravats and ruffles, taking immense pains and displaying all her skill in doing it. Sometimes she worked at other work, which caused Monsieur to turn aside and groan in spirit, and which impelled some of the proud dames to whisper to each other, "Poor creature! she is, of a truth, horribly punished." The rough gaolers, not yet wholly brutalized, were affected as they looked at her. They loaded her with indulgences, as if she had been the pet of the prison. One tie France could not renounce, even when marriage had ceased to be a sacrament, and was only a legalized system of concubinage. Families were rent asunder, and children enrolled under different banners; but still the filial tie remained sacred, and when it was appealed to, the vilest,

most savage hearts answered with a throb, showing that they were still human. As poor Madame Elizabeth had dressed the hair of the late King Louis, Jacqueline now dressed the hair of Monsieur, and would even be childishly merry over the task. The truth was, Jacqueline snatched a desperate happiness in serving Monsieur, and in prattling to him of their unique Madame, the old woman Diane Ligny, and of a thousand other topics.

She had long ceased to regret her own banishment from the circles into which she had been born. Sitting by Monsieur, and looking on at the worldliness, the straitened artificiality, the hollowness, the presumption, and the insane conceit of many men and women before her, she could not but contrast it with her experience in the sphere into which she had fallen. The unworldliness, the disinterestedness, of La Sarte and Maître Michel, in their rusticity and rigidity, showed bright and clear beside the daily example of her elegant neighbours. The warm generosity of Jonquille, with his fervid flashes of genius, were

as jewels, uncut and unset, beside paste or glass polished and put into wrought gold to deceive the vulgar multitude.

The Durands even were more kindly in their bourgeois vulgarity than the high people in their refined artifice. The coquetry of Félicité, though a spurious, vain, and paltry thing, had at least a touch of sweet naturalness, as of a child's extravagance and affectation, when contrasted with the trained, subtle, selfish coquetry—the living to shine, and not to please—of these women of the world. Without doubt they presented to Jacqueline their most heartless side, and perhaps in their own rooms they too would lean against windows, weep bitterly, and speak gentle words to their intimates and the members of their families. Indeed when the summer of the prison was ended, and the winter come, many of them threw aside their follies, and showed that a great deal of what was noble and true had lingered beneath false sentiment and scepticism. The old Duchess de Grammont, while railing at the tribunal which condemned her, pointed to Madame de Châtelet

beside her, and said, with an inconceivable softening of her haughty Jezebel face, "Kill me, but let this angel go." Madame de Bois Berenger congratulated her mother that all the family were under one condemnation, and cried, "Be of good cheer, my mother; we all die together."

CHAPTER XVII.

ROUGH ROADS—THE NEW STYLE AND ITS FEAST—THE LAST OF THE GIRONDISTS—THE HARVEST OF DEATH IN THE PROVINCES.

JONQUILLE had hidden himself in a garret in the Faubourg Saint Martin. He had contrived, by great ingenuity, and with a heavy risk, that Michel, arriving at his old address, should be conducted, by many doubles and windings, to his new lodging. But Jonquille had not expected to meet his mother. At sight of the fine, calm old face, the young man did what a Frenchman can do without any imputation on his manhood—he fell on his knees before her, "clasped her like a lover," and wetted her

face with his tears. "My dear old woman, why are you here? Why have you come so far to a place like this?"

"It was necessary, my boy," declared La Sarte, not more overcome than her son was, and recovering herself sooner. "I came to counsel you, to warn you."

"To counsel and warn, mother? Is it not too late?"

"I came to tell you that you must put an end to these horrors," asserted La Sarte, authoritatively, and only half attending to Jonquille's words. "They are neither Christian nor human. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

"It is quite true, mother," answered Jonquille simply, just as he might have done when, as a little boy, he was examined on his catechism.

"Then why do you not go and tell them so?" demanded his mother, sharply. "You must go this moment, Jonquille, or you will be held consenting to the deed. You were always facile, Jonquille."

"Was I facile, mother?" he asked with a smile, putting her off.

"You were: but what a question when you have a duty to do. Never waste time and strength searching into the entrails of your soul. I was glad when Michel offered to bring me to Paris. It has been on my mind to come up ever since you killed the poor King. Oh, fy, fy, what a shame! Why did you do that, Jonquille? Did not I, the curé, and the Holy Scriptures teach you to be just and merciful, though you were republican?"

"I voted for the King's banishment and not for his death. Banishment would have been the best thing that could have happened to him. I wish my conscience had no darker stain than that, mother."

"But why did you and your fellows not stand up and prevent the murder?"

"Well, would it not have been better for us if we had stood up then?" pondered Jonquille. "It could not have been worse for us; we would but have died a little sooner, and at least we would have died defending one wrongly done to

death—the son of a race of kings, evil enough, but he did his best, poor Capet! He was the only one who wished peace, they said. But, my mother, I have no longer a part to play. I am out of the Convention; am 'suspect' myself; in danger which you, mother, and old Michel have unhappily come up from safe Faye, to share."

La Sarte's velvet eyes at last took in her son's plight. He was a skulking refugee instead of the strong senator she had hoped to find. "But I am glad of it," said the upright old woman; "better suffer with the righteous than triumph with the wicked;" and yet when she looked round on the mean garret under the tiles, and on Jonquille's neglected dress, all the mother's pride, love, and anguish for her darling struggled in the sob with which she stooped forward, and, with trembling, old, work-worn hands, smoothed his curls. "I would it had been the will of the good God," she said, "that you could have travelled His way by a smoother, sunnier road; but if there is no easier path than this for you to Heaven, Jonquille, your mother is content."

"I thank you, my best mother. I used to say the women were kind to me because you had dedicated me to the Holy Virgin. Ah! some of their kindness has been cruel; but I still have you, my dearest. I must speak to Michel now, I have a sad communication for him."

Michel had stood aside, as was his wont, although his face was grey with consuming care, and his eyes had a famished expression. Jonquille came close to him. "Michel, do not blame me. I meant to do what I could for her, but I was so embroiled myself; and I never conceived she would take so desperate a step."

"Chut! I do not blame you," said Michel, with choked utterance; "I do not blame any one. Only tell me where she is gone, that I may follow."

"Nothing can be easier. But, for our mother's sake, do not copy her madness. They are in the Luxembourg."

"What! they were arrested, then? They did not escape?"

"No escape was attempted, after Monsieur was brought up and kept under surveillance."

"It is the Chevalier I mean, not Monsieur."

"Oh! to the deuce with the Chevalier," cried Jonquille, somewhat impatiently. "What signifies the Chevalier? Certainly he escaped; he is a vile ingrate, or he would not have forsaken them."

"Saints! but how then is my wife in the Luxembourg?"

"It was quite simple, Michel; she went and declared herself a royalist before the Convention; and the wretched remnant of what we set up took her at her foolish word, and accepted her as a fit prey. It is not so astounding; for the Convention, like Saturn, devours its own children. But I thought Jacqueline would have taken care of herself, with her expectation."

"What expectation?"

"That of your becoming a father, Michel; did you not know it?"

Michel was greatly touched, and hid his face with his hands. He did not breathe a word to his brother of the false report which had been brought to him and led him astray. He had grievously injured Jacqueline in his thoughts; it would be

injuring her still more to let his lips repeat the base suspicion. Nor did he comment on the information that his wife, by little short of an act of suicide, had cut herself off from him without having either asked his consent, or sought his forgiveness. She had come up to Paris with the single purpose of standing by her father, as she was doing, on the brink of the grave from which Michel could hardly hope to save her. These were hard lines from the young girl he had worshipped, but who apparently loved her father's little finger better than her husband's body. He felt in himself that it was culpable in Jacqueline to have so dealt with him, to have been so dead to his rights and hopes. But when he walked out into the anarchy of those Paris streets, and looked up at that great frowning pile of the Luxembourg, he forgave her, pitied her, and loved her more tenderly than ever. Crushing his pang of personal mortification, and only acknowledging his fond regard, he said to himself: "My lady sits there ministering to her father as innocent as a child in its mother's

bosom. God be praised, come weal, come woe, I rejoice, my little lady is as pure as when first I knew her."

While these poor people were thus sorrowing over their troubles, Paris was rejoicing over yet another constitution and a new calendar. The world had gone back to the year 2, and this was the year's first month.

Sundays were abolished. There was one day in ten, not for the Nation to pray, but to make sport. Frenchmen were inaugurating these fine changes with a new feast of Federation, from which King, Queen, priests and altar, Lafayette and the National Guard (gone to fight in Holland), had alike disappeared.

The ceremonies were placed under the direction of David the painter, and of the old player who played so vigorously on the stage of the city of St. Géneviève. Gigantic statues, not of Géneviève, but of Nature and Liberty, stood in the place of the Bastille, and of the statue of Louis Quinze. Hercules with uplifted club represented the people, and "three thousand birds" were set free, as the

people were judged to have been. Processions of the authorities, the professions, the trades, and the crafts, paraded the city, paying special homage to the Insurrection women,—the "slaughterers,"—who sat on cannon in the line of march, and held oak branches in their hands. Every housetop bore a tricoloured flag, a pike, and a red cap, and on every wall was the old inscription, "The Republic one and indivisible. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," but with the ominously significant addition, "or Death." Paris was more theatrical than ever, as she was more bloodthirsty.

Citizen Hercules Durand and his family enjoyed the spectacle as the old Roman populace enjoyed its shows. Félicité hung on the arm of her husband Bertrand, to whom she had been wedded by civil contract the day before. She was to part from him on the morrow; for Bertrand, having got his sous-lieutenancy, was now under orders to join his regiment, at the wars, without delay. Citoyenne Durand had married her eldest at last, and was free to breathe and take a little pleasure before she started on a fresh campaign with Olympe.

Félicité was clinging to her handsome husband, proud of her tricolour bridal finery; but the soft, yielding heart was like baby bones, not likely to be broken by thoughts of separation.

The three or four thousand prisoners in the numerous Bastilles in Paris could not be expected to relish the din. But the Sarts, poor souls, had gone abroad, fain to accept the diversion of the national holiday, and to escape from their heavy cares and sorrows in the crowd of strange sights and strange faces. Jonquille strode along in a frieze jacket and a countryman's cap, adopted for safety. The idea of La Sarte, in her market cloak (in which poor Jacqueline rode away to be married), rebuking Maximilien Robespierre and his allies, and calling them to order for their profanity, was half ludicrous, half sublime.

It seemed as if the Sarts were to pass through those vast human masses without recognition. Jonquille's disguise appeared effectual, and Maître Michel and La Sarte were unknown. But in the Place Louis Quinze they came on a hulking familiar figure. His hands were in his pockets, and

he shouted like a madman at the unveiling of the ugly giantess Liberty. It was Sylvain the butcher, in his ordinary working clothes, and with the insignia of his trade hanging over his shoulder. His great gloating eyes fell full upon the Sarts, and in a moment he was at their side. "What a genteel gathering!" he exclaimed; "it only wants the little Citoyenne to make it perfect. I felicitate myself, my friends, on our all being here on such a fine day. Welcome to Paris, Maître Michel, and you, too, La Sarte! My word, the women are not behind in this generation. You don't quit the city, now that you are here, till we meet again: perhaps we may transact a little business for old acquaintance' sake. That would be glorious—a new sensation. We love sensations, we French, is it not so? Pardon me, Deputy Jonquille, you are in dishabille to-day. You have not got a cold, an inclination to sneeze into the sack, hey? You did not find work for me when I asked it; what do you say to it now? Shall we not be more fortunate in the future?—in this very place—who knows?—where that plaster jade stands, and cumbers the ground for her betters?

Me, I think little of her. There was a real flesh-and-blood woman, in a red chemise, who was worth the looking at, worth the doing for. Citizen Samson was selfish; he kept her as he keeps all the choice subjects." Sylvain moved off: but stood at a little distance, looking at something.

"Let us be gone, my mother!" said Jonquille, in La Sarte's ear, burning with rage the while, and shivering with disgust as if the tertian ague had laid hold of him. "The company of this butcher pollutes us. The wretch is a slaughterer; he has been acting as an assistant to the executioner Samson."

"Wait there till I speak to the lost man—a child of Faye like you, my son. The judges should be the executioners; they would then condemn less readily, and would not tempt the poor depraved remnant of humanity."

"Yes, mother, but what if they themselves become the condemned, the executed? That would be a magnificent lesson in the justice and the mercy you preach; but unfortunately it would be too late to teach it to the offenders. And

don't you meddle with that demon Sylvain; he is beyond you, my good old woman,—he is beyond humanity."

But La Sarte still persisted in remonstrating with the terrible native of her hamlet. Why was she the most influential woman in it if she was not to try and reclaim the wicked? Jonquille thought to himself, "My mother, wise woman as she is, is so simple and dauntless, and so full of a grand conceit, that she would undertake to improve Lucifer, and perish in the bootless endeavour, all the while believing herself a martyr to the truth." In the present instance, La Sarte, to Jonquille's immense relief, was foiled in her benevolent aspirations by Sylvain slouching and shambling out of their neighbourhood.

Thus the hearty, wholesome harvest and vintage time, the season of apple gathering and walnut gathering, passed away. The quiet life of the Sarts, in the stifling room in the black Faubourg St. Martin, was diversified only by alarms for Jonquille, or by vain efforts for the benefit of their friends in the Luxembourg.

A harvest of another kind was about to begin in the provinces. As usual, Paris gave the first signal, those of the Girondist chiefs who were not already lying stabbed by the roadsides or in village taverns, or found half eaten by dogs in cornfields, being formally tried and condemned to death in the capital. Their last night together was not spent in stammering prayer or in struggling thoughts of human repentance and Divine mercy. These eloquent men of genius were not so happy. They joined in delirious song and laughter; they improvised satires and scenes of tragedy. Thus they kept their last vigil. In the morning they filled the death-carts. As they rumbled along, bareheaded and in their shirt-sleeves, they shouted back to the mob, with jovial grimaces, the monomaniacal shout, "Live the Republic!" Under the guillotine, instead of holy hymns, they raised the war-song of the *Marseillaise.*

Philippe Egalité followed. How could he escape, notwithstanding his artifices, his desertion of his rank, his betrayal of his kindred and

his king? He passed his own Palais Royal pinioned, on his way to the guillotine. He was more like a reckless gentleman, in his elegant green coat and punctilious yellow buckskins, and his "Let us be quick" to Samson, than he had ever been before.

Then, from Arras in the north to Marseilles in the south,—Brest, Bordeaux, Lyons, Nantes,—the revolted cities were conquered. Terrible were the sieges, frightful the sacks of these towns in the white mists and sharp hoar-frosts of winter. The guillotine was erected everywhere, and worked incessantly. Children and aged men were executed together. Mothers were forcibly compelled to stand by and see the heads of their sons shorn away, while martial bands struck up the *Ça ira.*

But the guillotine was too slow. Fusillades came in fashion, and men, and women with children at the breast, five hundred at a time, were shot down. Noyades were invented, — flat-bottomed boats, crowded with men and women, which were taken out on the Loire, and scuttled and sunk, with one dismal splash and ringing cry. At last

boats were found too troublesome and too expensive. It was sheer waste to lose the boat along with the passengers. Men and women were stripped, tied hand and foot, and cast into the river; while infants, who had been torn from their mothers' arms, were thrown in after them. By a devilish jest, men and women were tied together, foot to foot, hand to hand, and flung in. This mode, with cynical fitness, was named "Mariage Républicain."

All nature was sick with horror; but the grandeur, the pathos, and the faith of some of the victims were like streaks of heavenly light relieving thick darkness. The Vendéeans went to death singing, "Those who die for God go to Paradise." Thirty-two simple nuns of Vaucluse renewed their vows of consecration every morning and every evening. After they had recited the prayers for the dying of their company, they filled their prison with the sweet swell of their *Te Deum laudamus.* A poor countrywoman, who was executed for the mere profession of Christianity, stood barefooted through the cold morning, that

she might give her stockings and sabots to the poor. Four sisters were guillotined together at Dijon for sheltering priests. Two schoolmistresses of Orleans died for the same offence with the priest they had sheltered. They walked to death singing, with as firm voices as ever raised the *Marseillaise*,—

> "O sing a new song to the Lord,
> Sing all the earth to God."

Among the women, coarse and brutal, vain and proud, there were still "ministering angels." A Brabant peasant guided Chateaubriand, then covered with small-pox, and sinking into insensibility from his wounds, to the hospital at Namur. Denounced rebels were harboured by women who were ready to shed the last drop of their blood for their former foes.

Amidst the harvest of death appeared a new portent. Men and women, who lightly rejected the Lord of life, threw away life itself as being no longer worth retaining,—a mere burden, to the endurance of which their philosophy, classics, and Jean Jacques brotherhood could not recon-

cile them. The nobles, robbed of supremacy and privilege; did not die with a more cynical indifference or a more reckless defiance than did the philosophers and the women of sentiment. They thrust their walking-swords into their breasts like Roland, swallowed poison in prison like Condorcet, shot themselves like Barbaroux, or leaped madly into the Loire and the Rhone after their murdered relatives. In this cowardly fashion they cut the Gordian knot which perplexed them. Even the good men and women of France, who could not look upon life and death with sneering contempt, came to regard them with dull apathy. So girls like Jacqueline rushed into the jaws of the lion, cheating sometimes, in a noble sort, their fathers, brothers, mothers, husbands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE QUEENS CROWNED AND UNCROWNED—THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT A QUEEN, WHO WAS ONLY "LYD, THE SLUT"—A WRETCHED FATHER'S DARLING.

CENTRAL types and figures were presented to the world in Paris during this brown October. She whom men now called the Widow Capet—a woman of thirty-eight, haggard and grey-headed, with no support but indomitable pride and the manly spirit of her mother, Maria Theresa—was brought before the Tribunal. Who would have recognised the blonde-haired, blue-eyed Archduchess of sixteen? Where now were Court and courtiers, or her two hundred thousand lovers?

She had suffered trials and indignities beyond record. She had been parted from her good

husband on that bleak January night, the eve of his execution. Her little son had been torn from her. She had been denied even comfort and decency, and put into a cell of the Conciergerie, with its truckle bed, deal table, and damp stone walls. There she had been guarded by gendarmes, their eyes on her night and day. This was the lot of her who in her heyday had been the good fairy of Trianon, and who in romantic generosity endowed the virtuous, loyal poor with cottage bowers undreamt-of in their beauty. Some of her pensioners did remember her, for at last she fell into pitying hands, which bound her hair, mended her rags, and brought to her the delicacies that were sent her by the market-women of the Halles. They procured for her, too, in place of the muddy water she could not drink, pure water from Arcuenil, her old favourite well at Trianon. Poor royal eagle, prisoned in that wretched cage!

Before the Tribunal she sat absent, heedless, moving her fingers on the arm of her chair, as if playing on the harpsichord, until she was

assailed with the falsest, most infamous accusations. Then she made one strong appeal to all the mothers in the hall—a cry responded to even amidst the lurid shadows of that place of woe—before her doom was sealed.

A close cap covered her grey hair, cut short for execution; her hands were bound behind her, as she sat on the cart beside the priest, on this her last progress through Paris. Did she see pass before her mind's eye, like one drowning, the phantasmagoria of the pleasant past, now so far distant? Did she see imperious, warm-hearted Maria Theresa; debonnaire, kindly, good-for-nothing Francis of Lorraine; unworldly, high-minded, dreaming Joseph; or the gross, humorous termagant, Caroline of Naples, whom Nelson sheltered? Or did Schönbrunn shape itself to her imagination, and the winter fairs on the Danube, with the wild Hungarian faces, fur caps and pelisses, and the Gothic castle which was the big toy of the great restless family of archdukes and archduchesses?

It was so different from this, that early life,

with its natural gladness and its artificial splendour, its Courts and cabals, its bursts of girlish spleen at tiresome etiquette, its ruelles and tabourets.

"Faults, not crimes," said the firmly drawn lips to the priest, as these giddy, remote, secure days were recalled. That famous drive through the streets, including the stoppage opposite the church of St. Roch, to let the crowd feast its revengeful eyes on the Austrian woman, occupied about an hour's time. Marie Antoinette looked up absently at the republican flags and inscriptions in the Rue St. Honoré; but some said she watched for a signal of absolution from a non-juring priest. As she approached the Place de la Revolution, and came in sight of her own home, erewhile the Tuileries, her stony endurance for a moment gave way. Twenty-three years ago, with the mild young Dauphin by her side, she made her triumphal entry there; two hundred thousand voices, by permission of the gallant Governor of Paris, huzzaing round her coach. "If the mob get me," she said this morning,

"they will tear me to pieces." Samson was at his post at a quarter past twelve on this 16th October, 1793. The daughter of Austria mounted the scaffold with queenly courage, and her head fell amidst the cries of "Live the Republic!"

She was no soft-hearted, meek-spirited woman, dying with words of divine forgiveness on her lips, such as Louis had spoken. It were false to speak of her as such. But she was honest and brave,—a woman who bore with the greatest dignity such tremendous reverses, such deadly injuries, such foul slanders, that all manhood, all womanhood rises up in her defence. Wherein she was wanting let us leave her to Him who judges right.

Within a little month another queen, who never wore a crown, except in men's imaginations, occupied Charlotte Corday's cell in the Pèlagie, and then the cell next to that which Marie Antoinette had filled in the Conciergerie. This woman held Charlotte Corday to be an enthusiastic visionary; and in the nature of things she detested and despised Marie Antoinette as a tyrant

and trifler. She addressed a haughty, harsh, even audacious remonstrance to Louis while he was still King in name; and she pled for him gallantly, at the risk of her own life, when he was "Louis Capet" on the brink of the scaffold. She, too, had sat at the feet of Socrates, pure, fervent, devoted,—a heathen goddess, a Juno or a Minerva, hardly a woman. She fulfilled all heathen virtues, even to the humble duties of going to market with her mother, and mending her spendthrift father's linen, in the middle of reading her Tacitus. She wedded the elderly, stern Roland because he seemed to her a Spartan lawgiver; and she *served* him loyally—a Spartan wife. She cherished great dreams as the wife of the Minister of the Interior, and the associate of Pétion and Robespierre,—proud, noble dreams, and she acted in consistency with them. She was arrested and sent to the prison of the Pèlagie — the den of women of dissolute life,—but that could not degrade Manon Roland. Then she was removed to the Conciergerie, where she spoke to her fellow-Girondists frank, courageous words. In white

dress, "like the Julie of Rousseau," she stood her trial. Her clear, chiselled features, her soft, dark eyes, her long black hair falling in waves to her waist, did not shield her from scowling hatred and words of dishonour. But she met those goads with silent scorn, though "wet eyed,"—the one trace of womanhood she betrayed amid the torture. Undaunted, she was driven through the streets to execution. Some say she sang the *Marseillaise* as she went, high and clear. She wished for pen and paper to write her thoughts, —the concluding chapter of the life she had written while in prison. She apostrophised the statue of Liberty at the foot of the guillotine;— "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" She showed an ex-director how to die. When Samson objected to her going first for this object, she said, half jestingly, "Pshaw! you cannot refuse the last request of a lady," and passed away, as Charlotte Corday had done, without once faltering in her part. One of the most inimitable of classic actresses, one of the bravest and purest of heathen goddesses, yet there were some

traits of womanhood in her.* Those unacknowledged hours when she leaned against her cell window weeping bitterly; that brief allusion to her daughter's birthday; and the calm comment that her husband would not long survive her, showed she had something of a woman's heart. "A greater man than ever thou wert," was said truly of her in comparison with Roland. Severe, serene, perfect in heathen duty, she was a very queen of the histrionic art. She still walks a stately shade among the famous women of the world, though tender women and little children

* In the last biography of Madame Roland, and in the criticism it has provoked, it is alleged that she was pre-eminently feminine in her incapacity to see more than one side of a political question, and in that strange episode in her history when she not only confessed to the confounded, mortified Roland, but proclaimed to the world at large, her platonic passion for a man unknown, whether Barbaroux or another. Why, a one-sided view of political questions was the fatal flaw in nine-tenths of the *men* of the Revolution; and the admirers or assailants of Madame Roland, who say that her unnatural revelation was in keeping with her sex, must have singular misconceptions of that sex's character, when they can mistake an outrage on womanliness for womanliness itself.

recoil from her to sit at His feet where sat the woman who was a sinner. If *she* had sat there too, the sad, lofty relic of ancient virtue might have blossomed into new beauty of worship and beneficence, through many centuries.

In the Luxembourg, along with Jacqueline, was a Madame Ropace,—a pretty, mouse-faced woman, though past her prime. She was frolicsome and piquant, and was consequently indulged by the grand dames, though not a grand dame herself. Unlike the others, she had a habit of saying fairly what she thought, while she was as cynical and epigrammatic as they were.

Monsieur, looking at Madame Ropace, and listening to her, said at once, in spite of her pure French accent, and her general French air, "My dear, she is foreign, that Madame Ropace."

She was certainly not particular about the company she kept. It was perhaps a weakness she had inherited. She accosted Jacqueline in her peculiarly vivacious way, and made a confidante of the younger woman on the spot. "Little thought my poor father, when he was so anxious

that I should learn to chatter French and play the guitar, that this was to be the end of it all. Were he to take a new sentimental journey through France, he would find more to cry over than a dead ass. He often cried when he was not laughing, my father; only the laughter always ran away with the tears. But neither Mr. Shandy nor Smelfungus would find much to laugh at now; is it not so? Perhaps he would not have laughed so wildly if he had stayed more with us, for he was kind to me, my poor father, though he was considered quite a doubtful character in England; and he a priest too, you comprehend?" So explained Madame Ropace, with the freedom of a woman who came of a family given to speak their minds. "You are very fortunate to have Monsieur with you, even here," she would continue. "I saw very little of my father, though he loved me dearly. I had to acquire French like a native,—my faith! I have acquired it too much like a native; and then I had to learn to sing romances too. My mother was obstinate and always sickly. My father was also

ill,—the worse of the two, indeed; but when he was not travelling for his health and amusement, he had to live in his parish and preach sometimes. He was an orator, I can tell you, though he was a doubtful character. I heard him twice or thrice. Ah! it is so long since I was Lydia Sterne, Miss, speaking my French, and dancing minuets at the York balls, the admired of the room, the delight of my father," sighed the woman, with sharp regret.

Madame Ropace was the first to be called to leave her set in the Luxembourg for a place in the tumbril. To the last she was foreign in her behaviour. She did not take her leave with the haughty composure and the grace of the greater part of the French women; neither did she submit with the sentiment, the passionate ecstasy, and the childlike indifference of others. She cried, Was there no help? as there would have been, she averred, in her country. Her treatment she pronounced unjust as well as inhuman. The time some of the "departs" were allowed to spend in writing farewell letters to their friends,

she employed over a book in which she had lately been reading every day. Once as she passed Jacqueline, gazing at her with trembling lips and awe-struck eyes, she looked at the girl and Monsieur, and showed them her book. "My father sent it to me, though he was a doubtful character. See on the title-page—'Lydia Sterne, from her loving father.' I remember it came to me along with a packet of guitar strings, and a droll message. It was something like this: 'Lyd, you little slut, I am always dying, as you know; yet, 'gad, I cannot rest long enough to think much of dying on my own account. But when you want to learn to do anything as disagreeable as to die, my Lyd, read this old book. There is something in it.' He said, too, I remember, that there were too many encyclopédists in France for the priests to prevent me, even if the good fellows the priests had ever been so far in earnest these hundred years, as to think of persecution. It is long, long since I was 'Lyd the slut;' but I read the book, as you see, to learn how to die."

Madame Ropace took her book with her when

she went before her judges. She came out with it in one hand, while with the other she held up the finger signifying "Condemned: death within twenty-four hours." A communicative gaoler saw her with the book still in her lap in the cart. She tried to read, though the print was dim and the language strange to her; and her hands being bound, she could not turn over a leaf. Poor, wrecked Laurence Sterne, apostate to his vows, and whose glory was his shame, yet loved his Lyd; and Lyd, daughter of a hard, eccentric mother and a Bohemian father, loved him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GUILLOTINE GOES ALWAYS—FRESH ARRIVALS AT THE LUXEMBOURG.

FRANCE was oppressed with its eleven thousand prisoners in Paris, and the inmates of its innumerable gaols all over the country. Men were growing haggard with the exertion of emptying the prisons of Paris alone. In spite of the continual rumble of the death tumbrils, conveying batches of fifty or seventy at a time, to the Place de la Révolution, none of whom returned to plague the authorities, the prison population increased, so that the eleven thousand became twenty-two thousand before another six months. The blood of the slain was the seed of fresh prisoners. The Revolutionary Tribunal, with its quick despatch, and Samson, with

his numerous assistants, found the work too heavy. They could not drain off the continual flood which now poured in from all quarters — from the Faubourg St. Antoine, as well as the Faubourg St. Germain,—and from all shades of political opinions. The gorged receptacles forced old regulations to be done away with. The mania for "suspects" was now, in fact, the mania of France, and there was even a sort of wild panic, which attributed to the infinite varieties of suspects in prison the most complicated, outrageous plots with the exiled princes, and with Pitt in England.

The heavy atmosphere inseparable from prisons was clogged by the fresh additions to the great company. Prisoners slept on benches, and lay even on the floors, adding greatly to the sickening fœtid odours. The very lobbies and staircases were tenanted during the night by great dogs, which, let loose, went howling up and down the corridors. The meals degenerated into the one coarse diet, which merely sufficed to keep in life. The commonest attendance was impossible, or if procured, it was from wretches the lowest and

vilest of their kind. The prisons, which had been comparatively elegant retreats in summer, were fast sinking into squalid, filthy, loathsome dens. The air of ghostliness, which had belonged to the magnificent earlier circles, was now unmistakeably apparent in the worn skeleton frames of their surviving members, and in the incessant changes, in the wandering to and fro of the new comers, and in their wailings, as of lost spirits.

Jacqueline and Monsieur were still spared to each other. The awful horror of the nightly removals had to some extent been deadened by sheer repetition. A weary submission to the inevitable took the place of hope or of more active feeling. The excitement was limited to the reading over of a list, which, by a wide-spread prison joke, had been termed "the Evening Journal." It contained the names of the men and women summoned before the Tribunal, and who were passed on, with hardly an exception, to the square of the guillotine.

Few winter flowers were brought into the prison for Jacqueline to stick into Monsieur's coat; but

she still dressed his hair for him, tying its riband with fond pride and care. She would prattle, though in fainter tones than before, about old stories of November cold, and wonder whether the wolves would come near Faye this year, and prevent the villagers getting to the bocage for their billets of wood.

When fresh arrivals entered from the world without, a little stir was created in the crammed, suffocating corridors. Men gazed curiously on the prisoners who had just breathed the open air, and were still dazed and desperate under their arrest. Startled, softened recognitions between friend and friend, relative and relative, would frequently occur; but the one pang, of being separated in death, was the experience of many a family of prisoners.

Jacqueline was pensively regarding a new entrance one raw November day. Those brown-grey moorland eyes became fixed, and dilated with mingled surprise and fear as she looked. Suddenly she sprang up with a low cry.

The group which had attracted her consisted of

a handsome old peasant woman, a fine-looking young man in a countryman's dress, and a shot-out girl of thirteen in a fine gown, which she was pulling up and carefully arranging, even in the Luxembourg.

"Father, it is La Sarte and her son Jonquille, and Olympe Durand," she exclaimed.

"Hey!" said Monsieur, with a little start, for he had been looking in an opposite direction. "Poor people! My little one, go to them. They are your family. A woman must never be guilty of the baseness of denying her own, under any circumstances. Do not let me be in the way. For my part, I shall be glad to ask La Sarte the last news of Faye, and to inquire of Cadet Sart the fate of his broken party," subjoined Monsieur, with the delicate condescension of his breeding.

"I wish Michel had come too. I would like to see him once again. We are all here now but Michel and Madame," said Jacqueline. But she did not repeat the wish when La Sarte put her hands on her daughter-in-law's shoul-

ders, and shed those rare tears which old eyes shed.

"And this is the end of your journey, Jacquette? No, no; I do not reproach you, my child. I do not cry for you, but for Michel, my brave Michel, who cannot get near his wife, and will never see his child," mourned La Sarte.

"Fy, mother, to agitate my sister," remonstrated Jonquille. "She will do well, and Michel will get her out of this lazar; have no fear. Michel will yet be recompensed for all his trouble."

"Madame Michel, Madame Michel! how do you like my gown?" interposed a shrill, pert voice, which went on with the greatest volubility,—"Oh! I have been dressed like a Christian and the daughter of a wealthy bourgeois, since Félicité married Bertrand. You wonder to see me here with the Sarts? Bah! that explains itself. I take a last run out all alone. I extend my run to have a look at Jonquille's old lodgings in the street of the Old Augustins, you remember? perhaps get a glimpse of my friend. A man in the

street sees me reading the number, and asks me if I can deliver the least little billet-doux to Jonquille here. Without doubt. I question the porter, and prowl about in search of his new lodgings. I have a secret as well as Félicité now, though I am ugly; I know it, and nobody goes into raptures about my fine eyes. I lose my way; I find it again. Ouf! up comes a surly gendarme and settles the affair; informs me that Citizen Jonquille Sart is no longer deputy and commissary; that he is a "suspect," and was arrested this morning in company with an old woman who said she would go with her son. "The Nation is liberal; it keeps her, provides for her too. Come along, my young miss; you are also a "suspecte." Eh, well, he pinched my arm like a hawk and dragged me along the streets, though I assure you I ran to keep up with him. I was so glad when I found Jonquille, and this good mother. I astonished them all; I cut a complete caper with joy."

"Poor child!" murmured Jonquille; and he went on, "The strangest thing of all was that the

note, a piece of balderdash, came in a roundabout way from that fellow Bertrand, on his way to the army. 'My old rival,' he wrote, 'I have really nothing more to do with Messieurs the Rats than you have. Leave Paris instantly; every Girondist is doomed.' Sacristie! where was the use of telling that to me, who knew it so much better than he did? I tell you he was an idiot, that fine fellow, with his Greek face and his tempers. He will lead her a sorry life when he comes back;—but why should I vex myself? She was a little coquette, Félicité, and I shall not live to see her sufferings."

Of all the shocks and surprises Jacqueline had met, one of the strangest, in which weeping and an inclination to hysteric laughter were strangely blended, was the sight of Olympe Durand mincing in her woman's finery, a prisoner in the Luxembourg under the shadow of the guillotine. Another image always rose in Jacqueline's memory — Olympe fluttering in her child's rags, with her queer, irregular features, her great round black eyes, her flat nose, smeared with ink,

as she sat over one of Bertrand's copies, or flew with agile feet in the infernal galop with Jonquille.

Poor young Olympe! there was many a victim whose loss was more felt, though the Citizen Hercules and the Citoyenne Durand, and young Madame Pommeran, were bereaved after their kind. Yet the Convention could do no wrong, and the poor Citizen Hercules less than ever dared to blame it.

But Olympe was to Jacqueline the most pathetic thing in the great prison that day.

"Come and greet Monsieur," Jacqueline, with a little confusion, solicited her husband's family; "he has asked for you."

La Sarte at once went up to the old Sieur. "Monsieur le Baron, permit me to offer you my service," she said, with a respectful bend of her stiff old knees.

"What, La Sarte, do you style me Monsieur still? I thought you were the first of our Republicans."

"But you were Monsieur before I or my mo-

ther was born, Monsieur le Baron; and I always sought to give every one his due."

"Ah! I see. How goes it at Faye, my good La Sarte?"

Monsieur and La Sarte got on admirably, both preserving their own dignities, and talking together of Faye. Jonquille and Monsieur did not suit so well. Jonquille was respectful to his old master; but he was secretly resentful, and shunned Monsieur. Jonquille's fine temper was giving way. He had not La Sarte's faith nor her clear conscience. He inwardly raged at his own impotence. He was moody, and herded with the bitterest of the Girondists who were left in the Luxembourg waiting their reward.

But, notwithstanding, Jonquille would come when his mother called him, suffer her to smooth his ruffled plumes, and would sing for her in the dusk, after the gaoler had read his awful list, and when the silent pause of watching for the event of the day was succeeded by a little buzz of conversation and laughter, and making of appointments for next day, among

those who had not been called to keep a graver appointment.

"Yes, it was well I came," La Sarte said, with satisfaction, to Monsieur and Jacqueline. "My boy has need of me to keep him in order. He was always restless and easily led away,—not a firm oak like Michel. And that Olympe, who is neither child nor woman, but a wild little monster,—holy Cécile! she would never say a prayer were it not for my prompting, nor sit still for five minutes to mend her fine gown, did I not watch her."

La Sarte showed a deal of affection for Olympe, either because of the girlish passion for Jonquille which had brought her into this strait, or of La Sarte's liking for children, which she had in common with other good, strict men and women, who may yet be very stern to these children when grown up, and, in some measure, placed on a footing with themselves. Olympe was no better than a Brobdignag baby,—an overgrown child. She was everybody's plaything. Her volubility made the exclusives relax, as almost nothing else

did, and her power of sharp retort, her gipsy-like independence and audacity, made her a great favourite. She would cry when her parents and Félicité were forcibly brought before her mind, but she soon let them slip out of her head again if she was let alone. She was not impressed by the solemnity of her position; the volatility and carelessness of her nature seemed unconquerable. One of the prisoners, with whom Olympe had sworn a fast friendship, was called by the gaoler, and the girl was told he was to go to the Conciergerie. "Oh yes! and where to-morrow?" she inquired.

"To make acquaintance with that frank lady Madame Guillotine, of course. Truly, she needs no introduction."

The girl became blue with horror, and cowered down in the lap of "Grandmother," as she called La Sarte. But she soon recovered, and learnt but too cleverly to mimic the gross patois of the gaoler —a Biscay man—in his reading of the roll. Olympe's presence worked something of the spell of a child's unconsciousness; and such was her fellow-prisoners' experience of it.

Monsieur had acquired a habit of retiring early to his sleeping cell. Jacqueline had taken leave of him for the night, and was sitting in the long corridor beside La Sarte. She was occupied with La Sarte's remarks, but was at the same time watching the groups of gaunt men gathered together by the darkening windows ere the iron lamps that swung from the ceiling were fully lit. They were conversing and gesticulating while they looked out keenly through the dusk for the cunning, cruel moutons—those wolves in sheep's clothing,—prison spies, moving among them, seeking to entrap them in their dismal confidences and withering denunciations. There were also groups of pinched women, less attended to than formerly, leaving off their embroidery, and fretfully missing their chocolate; detached couples like Jacqueline and La Sarte; figures ranged against the wall weeping incessantly,—a few of them, like Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, solaced for the present by nervously shuffling and dealing packs of fortune-cards, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the future.

All the occupations of the others were gradually given up, until the attention of the whole grew concentrated on a game played by a party of the younger men and girls in the centre. It was a gay harlequin scene on a dark stage. On several evenings previously it had been played at the same witching hour; but the mirth had never been so boisterous, nor had the game been carried on in such a public manner. Fantastic costumes, sparkling eyes, and chattering voices made up the medley. Here a beardless lad, who had been so happy as to enter the Luxembourg in the long cloak of a student, was ready equipped as an advocate; there a wild woman from the theatres, who had played in tights and mocked a man's voice hundreds of times, sat cross-legged in her "blanket ermine," patting her knees sapiently, and uttering monosyllables like a judge. Other girls and men were pressed into service as jurymen, audience, criminals, by a great effort preserving the necessary decorum, and every now and then violating the proprieties by loud asides such as "Me! I'm not like the mothers: I cannot knit without looking down;"

"Take heed! or you will knock the tray from my head, Mimi,—I'm a pastrycook." Flaws there were in the drama; but they were the more irresistible sources of tittering through it all.

English spectators would have concluded it was a set of giddy young people preparing a month beforehand for Christmas mumming and theatricals, or that the amusement bore reference to Allhallows Eve and its frolics; for here, too, was a figure with sooty face and "horned head" lurking suspiciously behind the glib advocate. Alas for the young players! it was the Game of the Guillotine!

The acting went on with great precision, save for the grotesque asides and the merry titters. "The prisoner is condemned," said the judge at length, with mock hollow voice.

Two tripping gendarmes, with blonde tresses escaping from their improvised red caps, led a girl, in her ordinary long train and uncovered head, to a corner where three chairs were peculiarly arranged. Over these stood a young

man with his sleeves tucked up to the elbow. "We will dispense with the ceremony of removing the neckerchief," said a voice from the mass with admirable prudery. The girl stretched herself on the support, and laid her head down in profound silence. One of the chairs was thrown down with a crash, and the performance ended amidst clapping of hands and loud encores.

"Wasn't it a success?" cried the girl, springing up, and coming forward with glittering eyes to receive the congratulations. "I did not derange a fold of my dress, Aglae. Did I not die gracefully, Henri?"

"To a wonder! but there was one fault," hesitated a dissentient voice.

"What was it?" demanded several.

"The hair ought at least to have been cut across, or plaited up à la guillotine. The national razor could not make a clean sweep among a fine mass like that."

"But I could not lose my hair, Henri, could I?" pouted the heroine, mortified almost to weeping at the slur cast upon her acting. "Then to plait it

would take out the frizzle for the day, and I should be a fright; and that would be too much to pay for an exact model."

An emphatic murmur of assent followed.

But the censor stood his ground manfully. "I am distressed to wound you, mademoiselle; but that detail was not correct. I love correctness. I could shoot myself for a smaller error."

"I thank you, monsieur, for your critique: you should have been the incorruptible Robespierre," retorted Mademoiselle with some asperity.

"Yes, yes; he ought to have been Robespierre," chimed in the indignant fair ones, who valued their hair as highly as their head.

It was the master of the games, however, whose opinion was thus set at nought; and lest he should fulfil his threat, or throw up his onerous office, a little propitiation was astutely offered.

"It is big little Olympe's turn next, Apolline," suggested one; "I dare say she will not mind what she does with her hair."

"Assuredly not," responded another; "Olympe, the child, is as much of a monkey as a woman."

"Olympe," screamed La Sarte, with sudden violence, "come to me. Leave off that horrible game! I forbid it you."

"Oh! no, no, grandmother," protested Olympe. "Anything but that; it is the finest and the newest we have had. I lured you and Madame Michel to that seat this afternoon, just that you might see how beautifully still I lie like a little dead cock-robin." She spoke the last words coaxingly.

La Sarte summoned Jonquille. "My son," she said, "bring away that unhappy child; she will perhaps listen to you."

Even Jonquille demurred at the mandate. "Why, mother," he argued gloomily, "am I to deprive the baby of the most favourite of her diversions? I admit it is a very horrible farce; but when life, and even death itself, have become only a succession of horrible farces, why should I quarrel with one poor little farce more?"

La Sarte let him go, and yielded herself for a moment to despair. "What shall I do," she said, "if my fine boy, who was at the first

dedicated to the Blessed among women, should at last be as unfaithful as the rest?"

But Jonquille in a little time came back smiling his old sweet smile: "Pardon, my old mother. The drama of the guillotine is now over for the day. I will withdraw Olympe from it to-morrow. It is bad for the girl; for, let alone other morals, it encourages vanity. You are right; I should look after her, since she is here, like you, on my account. Behold! you did not, after all, dedicate me to our Lady in vain, mother, when you and Olympe would die for me without a word, ungrateful dog that I am."

A few days afterwards, Jonquille approached Jacqueline and asked her to take a walk with him into the antechamber, where a number of the prisoners were congregated. "You must come, my sister," he said. "Do you not know that the people go yonder to see their friends who are in the Luxembourg gardens below?"

"But I have no friends, Jonquille."

"You have your best friend, Michel," replied Jonquille, reproachfully.

"I did not know that Michel was in Paris."

"Hold! Where should he be? He was not taken with us: he could do better. He is working for us out there, though it is little he can do for some of us. He has got into the accuser's office as a messenger, and he can see the lists the first thing every morning. Men are brought so low, that there are thousands who would give their very lives even for so poor a chance."

In the anteroom, where, in the days of the old palace, pages had squabbled, grooms and lacqueys had lounged and gossiped, and suitors had waited patiently, another kind of levee was now being held. The guests were standing outside, among the bare dripping trees and bushes, while the piercing November rain was falling, and the heavy mists rising from the Seine. The hosts were the prisoners within, who moved in slow procession in front of the windows, and merged, here and there, into jammed masses. The communication was restricted to distant looks and gestures between those who stood a little up on the shore of time, and those who were already on the brink of

the eternal sea, whose waves were dashing at their feet.

There was no jostling or clamouring for places, though a minute's pause was claimed by each prisoner, to scan the woe-begone figures in the gardens, and to search for a familiar face. There was no loud exclamation, no agony of grief, even when such face was found. The prisoners were done with these demonstrations; dying men are too much in earnest for that. It was a quiet scene, with quiet tokens,—a finger put on the lip or pointed to heaven; some ring or miniature held up, or the hand kissed to a little child in arms, were the only signs. Thus fathers parted from children, husbands from wives, sisters from sisters, and then drew back to give place to their neighbours.

La Sarte was having her look. She stood before a window in her conspicuous peasant's dress, with its associations of spreading pastures and rich cornfields, and the peaceful, plentiful farmhouse of the auberge at Faye. Her hands were clasped, and over one spare brown arm was her chaplet,

attached to that very chain of Jacqueline's hair which she had received on her fête-day. She stood immoveable, with her fine, unshaded face clear against the grey; her lips formed into a smile not more serious than she was wont to wear; her velvet eyes fixed intently on a point without. Jonquille passed to his mother's side with Jacqueline, and the incongruous group stood complete for the benefit of the gazer in the gardens.

"There he is, below, by the clump of acacias." But Jacqueline did not need the information. She had instantly detected Maître Michel, his head and shoulders above the people; but she was stupid or stubborn, for she gave no sign.

"Wave your handkerchief, my sister," commanded Jonquille.

Jacqueline obeyed, and after a second Michel, in his working jacket, waved his arm in return.

But Jonquille was not softened by her obedience. In spite of his deference to his old mother, he had come to regard all women as selfish and shallow. Such women as Jacqueline seemed to him only

a little nobler in their selfishness and shallowness than others of their sex. It was true that Jacqueline had done Michel Sart great wrong in the beginning; and that, in the inevitable taint and spread of wrong, she had perpetuated the injury. She had imagined that Michel had returned to Faye, to his beasts and his fields, his accounts and his labourers, because in her folly she had somewhat despised his straightforward, steady attention to the duties of his calling, in the great difficulties and trials of the time, and of his life. And she had so accustomed herself to this, that in thought she could not separate him from his plodding and his stewardship. With all her philosophy, magnanimity, and generosity, Jacqueline did not yet know how to honour all manly work, and to honour it the more, the simpler, the truer, the more unassuming it was. The excuse was that she had been hardened by wrong done, and wrong endured, by morbid remorse on the one hand, and ignorant insensibility on the other. She thought it was because Michel's peasant blood was gross and slow, that with all his honesty and goodness he could still look

after himself, submit to live and work on where he could no longer hope to save her. And now, when she was convicted of this ungenerous error, straightway she plunged into another. She was tempted to despise Michel for continuing at liberty, tamely donning abortive disguises, when a day might end the story of the family. If he had been like her, or even like Jonquille and La Sarte, and the rash child Olympe, he would have preferred to lie in the Luxembourg with Monsieur and the rest.

"Old Michel's locks are silver now instead of gold, mother," said Jonquille to La Sarte, as he closed an opera-glass which he had borrowed, and passed it on to his companions. "Your hair, maman, is as black as a black cherry, and that of my sister here is brown like a nut; but our Michel's will be whiter than the snowflakes next winter, if he live to see it."

The words recalled Jacqueline to her Maître Michel as she had known him in his lion-like mould and with his tawny mane. What had caused this sudden drying up of the sap of life,

this converting of summer into winter, as if by a single stroke, in a man strong and healthy? Jacqueline puzzled over the question anew as she sat silent by Monsieur.

Daily fresh prisoners came, nightly old ones drove away from the Luxembourg. The old ones did not care to know the new comers; eyes rested absently on the constantly shifting mass of faces; and brains were dizzy. Always darker, dimmer, and more like Hades grew the prisons, except when on the periodical Decadies they became pestilential noisome hotbeds. Then men and women only laughed, skipped, and chattered, because they were delirious in the near prospect of immolation.

Jonquille Sart still survived, and still sang to his mother at vespers. Restless feet pacing up and down, sick hearts trying to lull their long-aching throbs of pain, listened wistfully to the mellow voice, the old familiar words and airs.

Jonquille was singing the evening hymn of Faye. La Sarte was beside him, and Olympe Durand was lying at their feet, as the tired girl

would often drop down. As he sang he was aware of a stranger, a young girl, standing near and joining in the hymn. He had never seen her before: ordinary faces of strangers made no impression, but this was not an ordinary face. The complexion was purely pale, the features were clearly cut like La Sarte's, and the eyes violet like Jonquille's. She was tall and slender in figure, and wore an aspect of perfect health and serenity. Such a stranger in that place was like May blossoms in a slaughterhouse. Her dress, too, was to Jonquille peculiar, though, had he known, it was no other than the costume of one of those Chapters of Canonesses attached to religious institutions, whose members were at liberty to mix with the world and adopt new ties and vocations. The Chapters, requiring noble birth, attested by the most unquestionable genealogies and multiplied quarterings, had necessarily been suppressed with the nunneries at the commencement of the Revolution. Still women wore the costume just as priests wore their serge. The gown was of black stuff, the corsage fitting tight to the bosom and finishing off at the

elbows. On the white neck—whiter by contrast with the dress—was the gold cross of the Chapter. Falling in a softened cloud from the back of the head, and descending on each side of the face, thus relieving the straight lines of the figure, was a long veil of black lace.

This apparition was unlike any religieuse Jonquille Sart had ever seen. The lovely face had so much cheer in its noble sedateness, the expression was so frank and unrestrained, that Jonquille faltered and nearly broke down in the music.

"Go on, my brother," said the apparition in a rich, well-modulated voice, which retained all its natural ring; "or perhaps you will permit me?" Jonquille bowed. Then she raised the hymn again, singing it with a grave, sweet melody, which mingled with the man's deeper tones, and filled that portion of the corridor with enchanting music. The moment she had finished she held out her hand. "I ought to know you, since we have sung the *Angelus* together. In truth, I came resolved to know such of my fellow-prisoners as would let me know them. I am the Chanoine

Bathilde de Roure, of the Chapter of the Abbaye of St. Germaine-aux-Bois at Rheims. I am daughter of Madame the Countess de Roure, of Ormette. My mother is here. We were denounced to the maire ten days ago for attending, according to the conscience of my mother, the ministry of a non-juring priest, and for refusing to give information as to the holy man's retreat. We suffered much coming from the province, but we are more at ease here, where, alas! there are crowds no better off than we are." The tale was told confidingly, feelingly, but bravely and without any complaint.

"I was the Deputy Jonquille Sart, from La Maille, commissary for Section 12 of Paris; and here is my mother, La Sarte, the aubergiste of Faye," Jonquille answered, a little brusquely; for the young man's heart throbbed at the thought that the friendly, beautiful face, here where all men and women grew so horribly selfish, would turn from him in disgust at the intimation. The Chanoine might have mistaken him for an aristocrat in disguise, or she might have supposed

him a royalist, and would now revolt at hearing his republican principles. But he was proud and honest, and could not address her on a false footing.

"Good," answered the pleasant voice, so full of modesty and consideration for others. "There are honest men of all opinions, because honest men may commit errors as well as rogues. You prove your honesty by being here."

"There must be a great many honest men then, Mademoiselle," objected Jonquille, with a slight smiling elevation of the eyebrows, and a great sigh of relief, as he glanced at the assembly of men of every complexion and shade of character.

"Yes; there are men with bits of honesty, large or small, everywhere," asserted the girl, so eagerly, that her long, wide veil fluttered over her face, and she had to sweep it back with a movement of the hand. "What are we that we should judge men's opportunities and temptations,—men with few talents given them, and many foes against them? You are republican, I royalist. If we had met in the world, we

would have passed by on opposite sides of the way; we meet in prison to mount the tumbril and lay our heads under the same knife. Shall we, who have sung the *Angelus* together, waste the few moments of our acquaintance here in searching for the motes in each other's eyes—we who have beams in our own?"

"No, Mademoiselle; because you are a saint and an angel," declared the young man.

"Oh, fy then! you affront me. You think me a very unworthy, silly person," insisted Bathilde, with such evident sincerity and energy, that Jonquille took care not to repeat the offence.

"I will tell you what you are," put in La Sarte, in her homely, sensible way. "Aristocrat or not, you are a wise, good girl. You give my son a good lesson. You shame me, who have not reared him better,—although he is not nearly such a worldly philosopher in his deeds as in his words," concluded La Sarte, relenting a little, especially after having blamed her clever son before a stranger.

"Nay, now, my old woman, you too mistake me," protested Bathilde again, with a perfect ingenuousness of tone. "What has a silly girl who has led a secluded life to say to an old woman who has been among wars, and toil, and sin these sixty years? You must pardon me, my friends."

Olympe awoke, leaning against Jonquille's knee, and having looked up for a moment in his kindled, entranced face, she made a bound of impatience. "I do not understand your idle talk; I go to play at ball with some of the people yonder."

Disconcerted by the interruption and Olympe's rudeness, Jonquille was about to apologise, when a feeble, frightened voice caused him to look round. It came from a tall, meagre, scared, middle-aged dame, who advanced towards the group. She spoke hurriedly: "What are you doing, Bathilde? You fail me, my daughter. It is time for our vespers. Heavens! we will have been negligent, forgetful, sinful reprobates; and where is the time for repentance?"

"I come, mother," replied the calm, reassuring

voice, not reluctant, and yet not hurried. "Oh no! we are not too late; and you forget that all the heavenly spirits know you have not been wilfully slothful or sinful. Good-bye, my friends, we will meet again, and encourage each other, if we do not soon quit this doleful place. I have never had brother, or grandmother, or wild young sister, that I remember," and she nodded kindly to each as she moved away.

"She is indeed a saint, an angel, mother," Jonquille repeated positively, the moment she was out of hearing, while he watched, wistfully, the airy wave of her veil as she threaded her way through the groups, supporting her mother tenderly on her arm.

"No, no, Jonquille," his mother discreetly assured him; "she is some good, noble girl. These nobles always win the palm from us when they are good; I suppose because they have to go through the eye of the needle first. She is indeed a blessed one, early ripe and ready for martyrdom."

"No, no, my mother," cried Jonquille, passion-

ately; "do not tell me that the Revolution has made martyrs of such as she. I have had a hand in it, and if you say so you will drive me mad."

"Not the Revolution, or you, did it, my Jonquille; only God permitted it," corrected La Sarte, quietly, with a touch of Bathilde's refined beauty in her old, worn face.

Bathilde de Roure was one of that rare type of women who supply history with enthusiasts like Mère Angelique, or mystics like Madame Guyon. Madame de Roure was a votary of the Romish Church, and was now in the condition to which all churches of Romish principles reduce their vassals,—at least those of them of a certain temperament and in certain circumstances. Madame de Roure was a soft-hearted, cowardly, egotistical woman. She had been married when a mere child, and like many Frenchwomen of her rank and day, had not had even a nominal connection with her husband after the first year. He was far beyond her in capabilities, both for good and evil; and he had never so much as thought of bridging over the gulf of incompatibility be-

tween them. An active-minded man, he had lived and died in the world. Madame had buried herself in his château, and, subsiding into a devotee, had become a mere tool in the hands of her confessor. The priest, whether by an ascetic and morbid nature of his own, or through craft and a desire to turn the implicit obedience of the Countess to selfish profit and his Church's aggrandizement, speedily reduced his charge to absolute slavery. She lived in her oratory, while her household was left wholly to the management, or the neglect, of servants. She only saw her family at intervals. Her nervous system rapidly gave way under the weary strain of perpetual *Aves* and *Credos*. By the devout of her neighbourhood she was regarded with unqualified forbearance, admiration, and even awe. It was Madame de Roure, and not her daughter, who was on the high road to canonization. With women like Bathilde, dogmatizing, infallible churches have ever found it hard to deal.

But if the mother was a slave, the daughter was free. While the one was tormented, the other was

peaceful. Whence came the freedom and the peace no man could tell. She lived, like crowds of young women of her time and country, amid the thick mists of enervating and abject superstition. But the truth, which is so mysterious in its action, had dawned like an inward light upon her mind and heart. It was this that lent an unworldliness and originality to her faith, and surrounded her with a halo which compelled people everywhere to regard her with affection and respect. Madame de Roure, now that she was deprived of her confessor, elected her young, guileless, fervent daughter for her guide and stay.

Jonquille, as well as Michel Sart, had adored his mother in her purity, righteousness, and devotion. He regarded her with that tender filial love which a French author has called the apprenticeship to all true love. To meet with another version of his mother,—a liberal, generous, youthful, intellectual, graceful, beautiful version,—and to hold intercourse with her now, when he was plunged into the darkness of hatred and despair, could not but produce a great effect on Jonquille. The Roman

Catholic faith, in which he had been nurtured, and from which he had only wavered for a time, predisposed him to receive such influences.

Every time Jonquille saw Bathilde, he thought of Dante's Beatrice in the midst of mourning, lamentation, and woe. Bathilde was his Beatrice, his guardian angel, come to save him. He seemed to have known her in a former innocent, happy state of existence. His heart responded to every high and holy sentiment of hers as if she laid a cool, soft hand on his fevered, rebellious spirit. He learned to love her with surpassing love; it was a trembling bliss even to be beside her in the terrible prison.

CHAPTER XX.

COMMON CLAY PIPKINS—DEATH AN EVERLASTING SLEEP.

WAS there no sound in France this black November but the clank of the guillotine? no sight but the flowing of blood? Were there no country places, fortunate in their seclusion, where country people still jogged to market, and clustered at night round the clear wood fire on the dogs, roasting chestnuts, warming ice-cold fingers, and opening gossip-bags? Were there no women who still laid little children in safe cradles, and lulled them to sleep with cradle songs? no bold lovers who continued to woo buxom lasses in homely, hearty fashion, with the one old, lawful, glad end in store? Ay, there were some such corners, else France must have perished outright in those days of terror.

One corner was Faye-aux-Jonquilles, though poor Faye would have its own share of the troubles yet. But Faye had at present the reprieve of ignorance. The people there wildly imagined that Jonquille Sart was still reigning paramount at Paris. Maître Michel and La Sarte were supposed to be living in state with him, and it was understood that between them they would be quite able to deliver the soi-disant Citoyenne, and the quasi aristocrat Monsieur, whom Faye had really missed. No doubt they would all return some fine morning to their own Faye in triumph.

The witty old woman Diane Ligny said nothing against this proposition, and Babette was deceived like the rest.

The auberge, though quiet, and free from visitors, was still a cheerful spectacle. How different it looked from the cold and dismantled Tour! A stately old woman sat spinning in the warmest nook, with La Sarte's cousin, a crooked, harmless figure, keeping her company; while Babette, erect and firm as a plane tree, bright though solid, and deep-toned as a clove carnation, moved

about preparing the savoury leek soup for supper. The scene was like a lively streak of dawn athwart the gloom of the night.

So at least thought little Citizen Pepin. He was now constantly prancing about the auberge, though it had been for some time shut up as a house of public entertainment. He visited it as a friend on friendly errands, often bearing home Babette's exceptionally extensive purchases from his little shop, or conveying the result of the business he had transacted for Babette at La Maille. He would sometimes bring the journals, and read out in his nasal sing-song their interesting contents. He would even condescend to the most menial acts, such as filling Babette's pitchers, lifting the sacks for her convenience, and chopping the firewood more exactly to her taste than any other could do.

Babette accepted all these aids and attentions as no more than her due. She had, to all appearance, no intention of rewarding them, beyond, perhaps, being intermittently gracious to Citizen Pepin. And she uniformly fell into fits of shrewish

severity and sarcasm when he took advantage of her condescension to use liberties, or even to hint at a closer alliance.

In general, little Pepin bore this waywardness with discreet patience. But Pepin was flesh and blood, and flesh and blood ultimately revolts at inconsistency and tyranny. He protested somewhat bitterly one evening, when he and Babette were in the entrance to the auberge, as he was about to leave. Babette and Pepin stood beyond the yellow glow of the room, with its beams rich in brown ham, and its walls gay in engravings, images, and porcelain. Their gusty, shadowy station had, however, its own peculiar charms and advantages. A flood of light from the half open door streamed midway across the entrance, startling the birds nestling in the eaves, and the mice which lodged in the wattled crannies. It revealed, too, the brightness and breadth of the home scene within, which contrasted well with the leaden sky, the dull, silent hamlet, and the leaves that, torn by the November wind from the trees of the chaussée, the thickets of the Tour,

and the bocage itself, swirled and rustled in the entrance. An occasional candle in the little dormer windows of the cell-like upper rooms of the auberge twinkled down into the gallery where Michel and Jacqueline sat when their marriage was young, their persons being reflected like luminous stars, in the draw-well, with its white sanded mouth, under the gaunt, bare elm tree. What felicity Pepin would have counted it to have owned one of these tiny ménages with Babette!

But Babette had accompanied the tradesman to the door for no purpose, or only for the selfish purpose of insinuating that she would gladly receive another consignment of almonds, to brew almond milk for the old Madame. All very well; but when Pepin proceeded to pass his lean arm round Babette's waist to take merely the fair exchange for his almonds, Babette drove him away with such force that his elbow struck the wall and tingled with pain.

"Play of hand, play of villain!" quoted Babette, with ridiculous indignation; "I have morals."

"And I also," retorted Pepin,—the more sharply

that he saw his mistress laughed at his mischance. "You insult me, Babette: how long do you mean these insults to last?"

"What mean you?" inquired Babette, with aggravating simplicity.

"Babette," said Pepin, working himself into a passion, "do you think that I will suffer you to mock me thus? Were I in Paris, in place of in this dog-hole of Faye for love of you, I might be one of the Generals of the Nation, or Director of the Republic. You are ungrateful, Babette. But my mind is fixed; I will suffer it no longer;" and Pepin, on tiptoe, was strutting off.

"Who wants you to stay? Go, if you have a mind," answered Babette, swift and inexorable as the lightning.

Citizen Pepin became heedless of the numb, dull pain at his finger ends; he desisted from scolding his impracticable mistress any further, and began, instead, to reproach her. "Is this the end of it all?" he demanded, in a tragic voice. "Is this the end of my following you, and serving you like a dog? Marlbrook would

not have put up with it for these three and a half years. My little shop at your service! my very principles sacrificed to you! If the sans-culottes ever return to Faye, I am sure to be hanged without mercy." He paused, but there was no reply from his insensible mistress, and so he went on:—"I believe you and that scrag Mother Jullienne would dance the cancon round the fountain while I was being hung. The deuce! You women are either strong, beautiful tigresses, or lean, long-cheeked, ugly wolves. The messages I have gone for you," he continued, looking yet more pensive. "I brought you of my best, too, and you have given me scorn in return," Pepin summed up rapidly, and with crowning emphasis.

"You have served me, I grant," cried Babette; "but what of that? Who offered the service? and what is the service worth if it is given for a recompence? I have lived with nobles; but,—ah! you are a mean little wretch, Citizen Pepin."

"Very well, Mademoiselle Babette," acquiesced Pepin slowly, now wounded in the tenderest point. "It is true that I proffered the service;

it is true also that I am a mean little wretch; for I shall proffer it again, probably, though you hate and despise me."

"No, I have had enough of men," Babette declared. "If I had my choice, I should live like a bachelor to the end of my days."

"You might have rejected me more kindly, at any rate," responded Pepin, a gleam of light from the door at that moment striking him and showing the tears in his eyes, "were it only because you are a woman."

Babette winced; there was a rustling of her garments in the solitude. "Ah, well," she said, after a little, "I am wrong. I should ask you to forgive me. I am not worthy of a thought, my friend. I am harsh. My humour is morose. I have had my troubles."

"I know, Babette," Pepin interrupted her; "but I thought that disappointments would have taught you to have more pity for another."

Babette shrugged her shoulders. "There are natures and natures, my son," she remarked placably."

"And I thought, too, that here was the end of my dream. But still the shop thrives, Babette." (The shop, in truth, like everything else in Faye, was at its lowest ebb.) "I would make you most welcome, and you would reign as La Sarte has done."

"No, no, my boy; no more of that," answered Babette, briskly, but not unkindly. "It cannot be. I belong to them,—you comprehend? You and I are but two common clay pipkins; but we can help to hold their wine of life just as well as if we were porcelain, till death frees us, and gives us also wings."

"Hand to hand on it, and till death?" pressed Pepin, sadly, as a last test.

"Yes; hand to hand, and until death, I promise you," and she put her hand in his.

"I say not another word against it, since you have accorded me your confidence, Babette," submitted the foolish little citizen, manfully, and in resigned admiration of Babette.

Pepin spoke again, after a moment's pause: "There is only one thing, my friend—think no

more of what I said of my miserable services. I smite my breast to think I should have been such a wretch. These poor services are my pleasure, my delight, Mademoiselle Babette, as well as my duty. Do not punish me for my folly by prohibiting me from performing them, and do not seek them from another, if you would not have me leap into the Mousse."

Babette was so profoundly touched that she did not reply for a second. When she did, it was with the unexpected suggestion, "Perhaps we do not understand each other; let us have an explanation." Had Pepin seen clearly, he would not only have noticed that she crossed her arms upon her chest, but that she knitted her low forehead, as if for the solving of a problem. "Your polite proposal meant that I should marry you, live with you in your pretty little shop, bear you children, and give myself up to you and them —is it not so?" Babette went decisively into the matter.

"Yes, and you have rejected me," explained Pepin, wondering, yet unable to hope.

"Certainly you must get another woman of the hamlet for that, if you will have it;"—so Babette disposed of that part of the subject. "But," she went on, "if you want a friend, Monsieur Pepin, one whom you can visit at all times, one who will reckon up your accounts, and look over your bargains; for I am well educated,—I owe it to my poor darling Mademoiselle,—no, Madame Michel, Madame Michel, you remember, Pepin?—it is not a bad name that, and she is still Dame de Faye,—how the balls run! —Ah me! Well, what was I saying? I will arrange your books, make sure of your profits, and get up your bad debts as well as any tradesman's wife of Paris. And if you want such a friend to nurse you when you are old, and to see that you get the last sacraments, if there are ever Messieurs the Curés and the last sacraments going again, and to close your eyes, my old friend,—why, then, if that is what you desire, I will think of it, Citizen Pepin," concluded Babette, unable to resist mixing coquetry with the concession.

"You are an angel, Mademoiselle Babette, and

I am a man. I would have asked something different, something more human, perhaps. But let that pass. You give me a thousand times more than I deserve. I accept your offer, my Babette. I am your beau, your lover for ever," vowed Pepin, kissing the hand which could, at times, so well bestow a buffet.

Pepin was not sure but this was the best end, after all.

Marrying Babette, possessing her as his housewife, might, perchance, have brought her down from her lofty pedestal in his imagination; but while she continued merely his friend, neither old age, nor wrinkles, nor infirmities would ever dethrone her. Thus the Dorindes and the Pierres aped the sentiments of their betters.

Next day an old woman, with her distaff in the bosom of her gown, went along spinning, and driving her red cow before her, from the banks of the Mousse, where, by dint of great assiduity, it had managed to get a few wisps or blades. She looked up, and began to wag her head gravely, as she approached the churchyard gate. It was

closed, but clearly not for the preservation of property. The crosses were pulled up and broken into fragments, like the woodwork of the little church close by, and neither white ribands nor immortelles rested on the grave of virgin or patriarch. Over the gate was painted, in big, staring white letters, "Death is an everlasting sleep." Here was the explanation of the shut door. The old woman was very old, and brown, and shrivelled. To all appearance it could not be long ere she slept her everlasting sleep. The idea, however, seemed to fill her with lively dissatisfaction.

A second and younger woman, noticing the first, walked down the street and joined her. The two stood still at the locked gate, while the red cow went discreetly on to quench its thirst at the fountain trough.

"A fine thing now," said the older woman, "after me and my old man have lived together these forty years, to tell us that when our time comes we are to fall asleep and not even dream of each other,—bah!"

"And my little son Alex," replied the younger,

who was drawn for the army, and has marched to the ends of the earth, and who may be shot passing through some hedge and die in a ditch—they will tell me he will have gone to sleep and will have no awaking. I need not care to go to sleep, for I shall have no awaking either; and I suppose they would say I need not pray, because God is also asleep!"

"Death! if that were the case, what would the common people do?"

"For that matter, what would the great people do?"

"Ah! the great people have had their day, and now it is their night; the holy saints help them! I bear them no spite, poor souls! But, my faith! if they call this liberty, when they do not give us the liberty of another world, I would like better to want their liberty, I would!"

"The salt tax and roadmaking were not half so bad, not even purgatory and the dread of hell itself."

"No indeed! They still left us heaven, and the good God, and our Lord and Saviour, the Virgin

and the saints, to interpose for us. One never knew where a blessing might not come from. But this sleep, it crushes us like lead."

"La Jullienne takes on worst of all for her baby. They say she will go mad if something is not done."

"Go! she was always a lunatic, La Jullienne. What is her baby, which lay in her bosom for only a year, to my man, who has driven the cow there —the prodigal beast—with me, and helped to milk her too, and dug, and thrashed, and ate, and drank, and prayed with me for nearly half a century?"

"Or to my little son, who kept the vintage so well, and was affianced to the good Jeanneton, the best girl in Faye. Oh! well, it is hard; but for Mother Jullienne,—fy! do not speak of her in comparison."

"La Sarte used to say, every one's trial was the worst trial to that man or woman."

"La Sarte knows; she is a wise woman. I esteem La Sarte; I wish her good luck of her stay in Paris with her son, the famous deputy. But La Sarte did not live with her man for forty-seven

years. Father Sart died when the famous deputy was a baby himself, I remember. The honest man departed on the fête of St. Hilaire. Ouf! I forget there is no St. Hilaire; there is nothing but the sun yonder, and he goes to bed in his turn. They hold up that sleep as if it were a blessing. I don't want to sleep unless I am to awake again. Though I do have the rheumatism, I can bear it; for there are many things beautiful here, if only folk did not tell us lies."

"You had always fine courage, Mother Beaujeu, and La Sarte has still both her children," reflected the younger woman, in a complaining tone.

"Yes, and one of them a deputy at Paris, and the other the registrar to pay grand visits with her; else La Sarte's tongue, wise woman as she is, would not clack like the clapper of a mill." The old woman was strong-minded, but she could not allude to a friend's prosperity without a touch of sarcasm.

"More tongues clack than that of La Sarte, who can hold hers till the village thinks she has had a lesson from the Silent,"—so her companion de-

fended La Sarte stoutly, having an idea of enlisting the deputy's boundless influence for the private soldier. "For me," she went on, "I could no more march like some of these women from La Maille, than I could fly like one of my own geese."

"'St! my woman, that is the best of it. The men march to the wars, and the women take the affairs at home into their own hands. They will soon weary, the worst of the women, with sleep as the end of all. The men would suffer it to last a little longer, so long as they got their soup and their cheese, their cider and their tobacco, their fights and their glory. My faith! they are worse than heretics with their sleep; yet even my old man might bear it for a time, although he would soon want the old life over again, with all the wrong made right, and the good God to smile on him. But we, the women, have the longer sight, we have the faith, the love that will not let us rest with a taste of the good weather here. Our gorges rise at once against the sleep; we know better. We will soon have no more of it."

"I hope it is so, my friend, and that my son

will live till then. But look you, there comes Mother Jullienne, whose son was only a little child."

The old gadding slattern of the hamlet was a sorry sight. Not only were her arms empty of the meagre child, but they were tossing distractedly about her head, from which she had torn her cap, together with handfuls of her grizzled hair. The bones were staring at each other above her hollow cheeks, and her ferret eyes were glazed and wild. "Why does that great beast Jullien not take up my child and give him consecrated burial?" she raged in a hoarse voice. "But Jullien is so swollen he cannot dig. I will rather scratch away the earth with my nails."

"Softly, softly, La Julienne, the child rests under the shadow of the church. There is no better grave in France now," said Mother Beaujeu.

"And he was but a little thing," added the other woman, grudgingly preoccupied with her own trial; "he had not worked for you, nor even spoken to you."

"Silence! or I strike you," screeched Mother Jullienne. "What do you know of it, wife of Huc

the younger—you whose Alex was idle many a time, and was turned back from his confirmation for killing quails when he should have been ringing the bells? Or you, Mother Beaujeu, whose old Simon is like a crab apple, and you and he spit at each other like cats? Ah! I have seen you, Mother Beaujeu, yoked side by side with an ox, and even an old grey ass, and your man driving you. No wonder you bray! You two would be well at ease to have your plagues sleeping for ever, and so would the whole world, for that. But my innocent little child, what do I know but that if he had lived he might have been a great farmer, buying up the lands, like Maître Michel? And now that he is dead, to be told that he will never wake up again,—I tell you it makes me mad."

"You were always mad, La Jullienne; and there would be no peace in Paradise if the baby, or anybody else, got you there, unless you mended your manners. Our Lady forgive me for saying so to you in your mourning for the child, and forgive you also for judging us. What?

Do you not think I love better the quarrels with my dear old man, than the compliments of the finest fellow in France, though he were a king? I will tell you a little story. When my mother was a little girl, she saw a lovely young lady of twenty, in a coach drawn by eight horses, riding to the house of her sister an abbess, with waggon loads of fine things after her. They called her Mademoiselle de Fontanges, and she was the favourite of a king. But she was wasted like the wax before a fire—hear you? and not with disease either. It was the poisoning affair; the foster-sister of my mother up in Paris knew all about it. The Chambers sat on it for three years. After the trial, thirty-six persons died for it, one of them a great Marquise,—that was a sight before the Marquises had their troubles like other people, —and all for wanting to give the King one love philtre, and for having given another to his Mademoiselle de Fontanges. I can tell you there is no laughing under the nose when one is the favourite of a great king. This one was going to die when my mother saw her, and she always said the

young lady looked so woebegone. It was all the same to the poor wretch whether she had been the favourite of a king or a peasant. She had not made her peace with God. It did not come easy to her, that repentance, though she reached her sister the abbess, and had the help of the great ecclesiastics. Beggars have died in barns with less dismal faces. As to the honest quarrels of me and my old man, La Jullienne, they are all to be settled at last. We shall know the best of each other, and how much we two old cross patches loved, and bore from, each other, when we dwell together like the angels, all our toils and sins past, up in the clear, peaceful blue sky yonder."

"And how dare you slander my Alex, you bad Jullienne? Did not he mend his ways? Did not the priest pardon him, and the good Jeanneton consent to marry him? Poor boy! his feet are sore marching out of France that he may be sabred or blown into the air, and I forbidden to appeal to the saints on his behalf. I did not object to his entering the National Guard and

keeping France. Coward as I am, I would mount guard myself for the country. But how is he to keep France, away in Italy or Germany? and how is he to keep me and the ailing father and the little things if the Italians or Germans come here in his absence?"

"What is it? What are you gossiping about, good women?" suddenly asked a voice behind them, causing the disputants to spring asunder. A stranger had joined them unobserved. He appeared a wayfaring, working man, in common coarse frieze jacket and knee-breeches, with great sabots stuffed with grass. His bold, brown, elderly face, shaded by his cap, looked sharply into theirs. He read the inscription on the churchyard gate, and leaning over, contemplated the desecrated inclosure. Turning again, he interrogated the women afresh. Mother Beaujeu had fine courage, and an obstinate belief in immortality, but she shrank from a profession of her faith to a stranger on the high road, which might involve her going before the commune, and riding to La Maille in a cart with her hands tied behind her.

"We contemplate the dwellings of the dead, citizen, and speak of them. We may do that, I hope?"

But La Jullienne was frantic. "Not at all, citizen; the old traitress lies. We lament the old faith and the old rites. I want up my child, who was buried here without consecration, and I a good Christian."

"And you a good Christian?" repeated the questioner, looking at her with knitted brows.

"Do you hear him?" whispered Mother Beaujeu to her friend; "he is a spy of the commune."

"No, no. I have seen him before; my eyes are younger than yours; I have my suspicions; let us wait!" answered the wife of Huc the younger, under her breath.

"My little child buried like a dog!" moaned Mother Jullienne.

"My poor woman!" exclaimed the man, stepping forward, his manner and tone undergoing an entire change; "dost thou not think the good God who made both little children and dogs knows the difference even when they

lie under the sod? Our Lord and Saviour, who took the little ones in His arms, is He not ready to receive them still? Can He not see when you are cruelly afflicted, and are deprived of the power to bury and seal the young, or the old either, with holy words and signs?"

"It is our Father Hubert!" cried Mother Beaujeu and the others together, and they pressed up to him, eager to take his hand and ask his blessing, quite regardless of attracting attention from hostile eyes. "Our priest, you have kept your promise. Oh! we are glad you are here again to tell us of the friends who do not change or die any more than the great God; for it is dreary, dreary, this creed of everlasting sleep. It may be very well for the men, or those of them who are able for the triumph and glory, such as it is; but for those women who cannot change themselves into men, it is a very poor and heartless thing."

"I am come back because I promised," said Monsieur Hubert. "It is not meet that the shepherd should be absent from the flock when

it is given over to wolves, though you know the law forbids me to be here."

"Oh, never mind the law," said Mother Beaujeu. "They are always making new laws. What is law to-day may be treason to-morrow. But there is a Divine law which remains like the stars in the sky; is it not so, our pastor? That is the law for us women, and for the men too, if they only had the heads to see it. Will you do an old woman the honour of coming home with her, Monsieur le Curé?"

"No, La Beaujeu," said the wife of Huc, "your man is too old to protect him; and though my Alex is gone, my brother Bartelemi lodges in the house. You will come with me, Monsieur le Curé?"

And Mother Jullienne, now quieter and more resigned under the Curé's words, put in her claim also to Hubert's presence in her house.

"You are too good, my children," said the Curé, naming them all softly. "I did not know how good even the worst of you could be when my presence might bring ruin or death into your families."

"Did you not hear us say we would have back the salt-tax and the road-making; that we would die of famine, rot away with fatigue and neglect, risk being abused by the nobles even, rather than be condemned to sleep like the beasts that perish?"

"I render thanks for it, with all my heart, to God and to you. But I am going on to Croix. The farmer there wants a stout labouring man to thrash and to feed his beasts through the winter. You will see whether I cannot work as well as preach. I shall be near you at Croix, and you will send for me whenever you are in distress, else I will never forgive you; you comprehend?"

They knew that Monsieur Hubert was a true aristocrat.

And thus this season, when women were performing the most of the field-work, Maître Chaufour, at Croix, had a working man who toiled among the foremost, though he and his wife were almost reverential to him when strangers were not by. And this working man was always prepared to go down to Faye and the neighbouring hamlets,

to bestow his skill on those who suffered from the maladies which continued to desolate the country, until hardly a death-bed, far or near, was without the presence of his composed, commanding, benevolent countenance.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH THE VISITOR AND DEATH THE EXECUTIONER.

ONE morning in the month of November, so crowded with events, Monsieur tried to rise from his bed in the Luxembourg, but fell back incapable of renewing the effort. A deliverer was at hand to interpose between him and the ruthless Tribunal,—a deliverer with whom even Robespierre, in the terrible strength of one idea, could not cope. His health had been failing ever since his removal to prison, and now the blow was descending which would save judges and executioners any further trouble with him.

Those old aristocrats mingled marvellous self-abandonment with marvellous self-command. Their faculties were alert to the last. At least Monsieur's mind continued wonderfully active

and collected. When the room was vacated by his chance companions, he sent for his old countrywoman, La Sarte, and his daughter. On their entering he removed his nightcap, with a feeble hand, to indicate the distinction between him and the Republicans, and to apologize for giving them the trouble of coming to him.

Jacqueline, mute and tearless, took her place like a statue by his pillow.

La Sarte anxiously ejaculated, "Lie down, Monsieur, and cover yourself," and could not assume her functions as a nurse till he had done so. Then she lifted up the limp, chill hand, and felt the pulse, and looked into the eyes, and saw that a glaze was stealing over their brightness. That was enough. She cast a deprecating glance at Jacqueline as she whispered to the dying man and he to her; for the sharp pain was clutching at him, and fast sucking the life-breath out of his breast.

Doubtless death was different in the Luxembourg from death in the Tour of Faye. But even in the great prison, constantly emptying out its

inhabitants to death, the last enemy was avoided save by frenzied men. Doctors visited the corridors and cells, endeavouring to avert the presence of Death the visitor, that Death the executioner might have his due; and where the presence could not be averted, a certain respect was paid to the messenger who came direct from the God whom none worshipped.

La Sarte knelt down before Monsieur's bed. "My dear Monsieur, let me bring one of the priests. Though we cannot get the viaticum, the offices of confession and absolution are still theirs and ours."

Jacqueline shivered and laid down her head on the pillow beside her father's. She made no further lament, that she might cause no disturbance.

"I am dying, after all, like a rat in its hole," said Monsieur, with a strange blending of relief and regret. "I should like to die at least dressed as a gentleman."

Anxious to gratify him, the women, although with difficulty, owing to his exhaustion and pain, dressed Monsieur in his velvet coat and cordon

bleu complete, while he tendered many apologies for the trouble.

"Tell Madame," he said, faintly enough, on recovering a little from the exertion,—"tell Diane de Ligny that as I dressed to meet her first, so I dressed to face the King of Terrors on a poor bed in a dark cell, when other men were favoured to face him in full day, and in the open place where my king faced him."

"My Monsieur," said La Sarte, in solemn, loving consolation, "God disposes. What signifies the mode to him who goes to glory?"

"What signifies, if he go to glory?" questioned Monsieur.

"Monsieur le Baron, you know that for a man who is penitent, and who dies fulfilling the last ordinances, and receiving the last rites, there are (our Lord and Saviour be praised for it!) salvation, sanctification, and glory, in different measures, according to the capacity of the person to receive them."

"Pardon me, La Sarte," answered Monsieur, very politely, "that is the very thing I do not

know. Indeed I know nothing. I am not an infidel. Faith! I know less of the truth of infidelity than of the truth of religion. But I am a sceptic. This is what we have reduced ourselves to, we philosophers,—to 'the great perhaps' of that sad beast with a man's soul, Rabelais."

La Sarte was grieved, but she was neither startled nor staggered in her ministrations. She had watched by many a French death-bed.

"My Monsieur, is there nothing in all the Bible your heart can lay hold of and cling to as Divine?"

Jacqueline crept nearer to her father—crept nearer as if to warm the dead embers of his faith.

"There is but one thing, my aubergiste," Monsieur admitted, candidly. "I say to myself, But who created the Central Figure, and his influence on all the rest? and I cannot answer the question. Did men create Him? The conception was sublime as none other of theirs, save in a remote way, and as taking colour from this figure. Did He create Himself, his words, his

deeds? Then the difficulty is only shifted. He must have been supernatural."

"Truly, Monsieur, and supernatural is the strength He gives his poor followers to die for Him at his word."

"Stop there, La Sarte." Monsieur had still strength to detect a weak point in the argument. "I have seen philosophic men and women, who believe in nothing but themselves, die as bravely as the bravest Christian. The votaries of many religions which you call false die gladly by hundreds and thousands for their creeds."

"Why, my Monsieur, for the last, it is because every religion, every faith, has a grain of the true religion in the very fact that it is a religion. God has ordered man to worship, to believe in something greater, something better than himself; and even when man degrades himself, and dishonours the good God, by bowing down to stocks and stones, it is because he believes, although he has distorted and debased his strength. As for those who only worship or believe in themselves, our God still made them, though they know Him

not, and their virtues are from Him, though they own Him not."

"Is that your logic, La Sarte?"

"No, Monsieur, it is only the wit of a poor woman. But we will let death alone, my Monsieur. My God, and the God of Jacquette, and of the many men and women who are not philosophers, or infidels, or pagans, is the God of life, not of death. Ah! my Master, if you can tell me that the stocks and the stones, and the poor spirit of man in him, can make a man anything like the Figure you talked of, the kingly servant of all for a lifetime, then I shall admit that I have been mistaken, and that we, his followers, have all been duped. Nay, nay, I will still throw myself on his mercy, and pray to Him to forgive our great sin, and to raise up fresh followers like unto Himself."

"La Sarte, are there not words like these in your priests' Bible—'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian'?"

"Not almost, but altogether, Monsieur, except these bonds."

"Ah! it is too late, I can do nothing."

"But, Monsieur, there is nothing to do. He has done it all. The greatest Christian as well as the least, and the oldest as well as the youngest, must owe all to Him."

"I have never been accustomed to owe so much."

"But yes, Monsieur; you good nobles know at least this text, 'It is better to give than to receive.' Can you not bring yourself to submit to a greater Giver,—a Giver who, in spite of you, has already given you all you ever had—life, rank, courage, truth, wisdom, the love of wife and daughter, and the poor service of such as I?"

"In one light, yes. And they were much—too much; I feel now I did nothing for them," confessed Monsieur, in grave deprecation.

"So we all feel. What we do for Him, He does in us and by us; we are nothing in ourselves."

"You are mystical now, La Sarte. It is too late."

"Monsieur, when you were a soldier in the wars, had you never a noble commander whom you followed everywhere, and could have followed anywhere, to whom you trusted everything, and whose skill and not your valour fought the battle for you, you being not ashamed to accept the boon and pay him homage?"

"Ah! yes," accorded Monsieur, his eyes lighting up for a moment with old chivalrous recollections; "I knew such a man, and all France mourned for him when he was slain."

"My Monsieur, can you not acknowledge another Commander, who fought the battle of sin and death for you?"

"God knows I might, perhaps, if it were not too late. But I did something for my marshal, La Sarte. I wore his uniform, and rode after him before all the world; and once or twice, when the battle seemed desperate, I made some little rallies, I struck some little blows which helped him, great as he was."

"Monsieur the Baron, you can still wear another Commander's uniform, and strike a little

blow for Him, if it be only in dying under his colours."

Monsieur meditated long. At length he said, "As you put it, La Sarte. It may not serve me; I do not dare to ask it should; but it may serve other men. In this obscurity of death some lights show bigger and brighter; and I desire to die telling the truth. The philosophers will say I have turned hypocrite, coward, fool. So the courtiers, who remained to dice and dance, and scheme for place and preferment, when we went to the wars an age ago, before I became philosophical, said we were fools to choose the danger, and the empty honour. Bid a priest come, my good La Sarte," continued Monsieur: "I seize the last occasion to show my colours. Let him tell his errand to those of my friends whom he knows."

Four hours later a priest, in a low voice, communicated to what quality were left in the Luxembourg, the information that Gabriel, Baron de Faye, who had departed half an hour before, died in the faith of the Church, deploring his scepticism

and his other sins, and accepting the gospel, and believing it, in his last moments, to be true as life and death. The priest added that he made the statement at the late Baron's request.

The Messieurs were not, to all appearance, much edified by hearing of the Baron's recantation. They shrugged their shoulders, took pinches, in an underhand way, of what snuff the Revolution had left them, and remarked among themselves that De Faye had for a long time been getting imbecile.

So it was to the philosophers;—how seems it to us? Was it that Monsieur, like Montaigne, amid all his splenetic philosophy, retained a loophole by which he could in his dying moments lay hold of Christianity? Or was it only a touch of that terrible French vanity which tempted even Robespierre, a year later, to decree that there was a Supreme Being, that France should acknowledge Him, and establish a fête in his honour? Ah, let us not pick holes in poor humanity's coat of many colours. Let us deal tenderly with Monsieur's characteristic rag of

repentance, as we cry mercy on all our own rags of repentance.

Jacqueline was fatherless in the gorged, surging prison. Strange hands clasped hers, strange faces congregated round her, and strange voices would even tell her that they envied her, because her father had died a natural death in her dutiful, loving arms.

She was sensible of the force of the consolation. She felt also the balm of wiser, more healing words addressed to her by La Sarte and Bathilde, though they were spoken to a poor, stunned creature. But now her occupation was gone; henceforth she wandered purposeless up and down the prison.

One winter afternoon Bathilde and Jonquille were standing together at a window, neither smarting under the cold, nor groaning at their misery. Her face was as if she were inspired; his was radiant.

Up came Olympe Durand with the swinging step of a boy, but her swarthy face flushing with a girl's flushes. "Have you heard the list to-night?

Oh! I listened to it at the grating. The name of Bathilde de Roure is in it."

Jonquille uttered a short, sharp cry, and flung up his arms in horror. Bathilde only looked round with startled, dilated eyes, and said, hurriedly, "I must go to my mother."

Just at that moment the gaoler entered with the list. Some instinct impelled Jonquille to put out his hand and detain Bathilde till it was read. The man spelled out the names slowly and mechanically in the silence, which was broken only by a rustle here and there, or a little suppressed sob from a companion, the persons principally concerned simply rising and gliding off to make their few hurried preparations. He sometimes stumbled in the articulation, and was once or twice arrested by a cough; twice he commenced with a Ba—, each time striking into Jonquille's heart; but instead of Bathilde it was Baptiste and Barbe. The gaoler stopped, and folded up his paper. No Bathilde de Roure was called.

"I played you a trick," cried Olympe, saucily. "Did I not manage it cleverly? I wanted to see

how you would look when the order for departure arrived."

"How dared you do such a thing, Olympe?" cried Jonquille, furiously; "you are a heartless ape!"

Olympe looked up with a half-defiant, half-terrified expression; but when she saw the scowl on Jonquille's face, she crouched down, and burst into passionate weeping.

"It was very wicked of you, Olympe," said Jonquille; "you do not know the injury you might have done."

"No, she does not know," pleaded Bathilde, kindly, with nothing more than a little tremor in the voice, "and therefore you should not be hard on the child. Do you know, little one?" she said to Olympe, "I was brought up too gravely to play tricks, but I often wished I had the gaiety to play them, and some one to play them with. I had a tame squirrel once, and my mother had to send it away, because, though I had a dancing-master, I would take my lessons from the little creature."

Olympe stared at Bathilde, slowly shutting and

opening her round black eyes as she retreated a few paces, and then returned.

"I forgive you, Mademoiselle," she said, with great dignity; "but you, Jonquille, never!—never! I will never speak to you again!" and she walked off to La Sarte, and attached herself closely to the old woman for the next two or three hours. She was quieter and more docile than she had been before, clinging to grandmother as her only friend, and refusing to look at Jonquille.

"What a funny one!" ejaculated Jonquille, laughing a little.

"Ah, but you hurt her," alleged Bathilde; "how pale she grew! and how her lips quivered!"

"I am sorry," said Jonquille, a little remorsefully; "she did not merit it from me. Alas! the poor child is here from a child's fancy for me. She is a wild, neglected, overgrown baby. Félicité was better proportioned, but there was not a fraction of her so true."

"Who was Félicité?" inquired Bathilde, curiously.

Jonquille had spoken inadvertently. He had

the greatest repugnance to discuss Félicité Durand with Bathilde de Roure. In the light of Bathilde's noble truth and generous self-denial, he thought of Félicité with an insensibility to every feeling but that of impatience. At this moment he entertained an angry contempt for the girl who, even at sixteen and a half, had played with her lovers as a child plays with its toys. He was dissatisfied with himself; he fancied his relation with Félicité had degraded him, and he felt ashamed even of what had been the sincerity of his love for her.

"Oh," he replied to Bathilde's question, with as gay an air as he could assume, "Félicité Durand, Olympe's sister,—a beautiful, frivolous girl I once knew."

As he said this he did not look at Bathilde, but receiving no reply, he lifted up his eyes and encountered her open, steadfast, puzzled glance, and his manner was transformed instantly from carelessness to seriousness. He was forced to tell her the truth. "I was so mad as to love her distractedly, and she repaid me as I deserved."

"You have reason, Monsieur," commented Bathilde, with some scorn in her tone. "If you loved a vain girl for her beauty, why should she not turn and punish you? Vain girls are not as harmless as butterflies;" and she walked away.

Jonquille stood abashed. He cared more for the opinion of Bathilde than for that of the whole world.

After a little while Bathilde came back, looking shy and troubled as she rarely looked. "Pardon me, Monsieur," she said. "What right have I to blame this Félicité, or any girl? I do not know the weaknesses of girls any more than the ways of men. I, who have lived as in a convent, have yet been often flighty and selfish. I am grieved, Monsieur Jonquille, that I should have blamed you. I have learned to be austere; this prison air, I think, makes me peevish."

"Not another word, Mademoiselle," Jonquille entreated eagerly; "you had reason; I know it better than you, now that the fire of unworthy love is in ashes."

It was well that the pair understood each other.

Like some ghastly foreshadowing of a great plague, like the leering spectre of a monstrous iniquity, was Olympe's clever trick. The gaoler read first, on the following night's list, the names of Citoyenne Honorée Bathilde Roure, and Citoyenne Françoise Roure, ex-Countess de Roure.

The poor, timid, scrupulous soul, who was always frightened that she had not done the duty which had been done for her many a century before she was born, rose feebly to obey the awful summons. "But what shall we do, Bathilde? we have not said our vespers;" and she wrung her shadowy hands at the irrevocable omission.

"Calm yourself, my mother, we will say them in the Conciergerie to-night; to-morrow night in heaven."

Jonquille trembled in every limb. Bathilde was self-possessed and composed. "Once more, until we see each other again, my friends," she said, using the same phrase she had used at parting on the first night they had met. "We shall meet again, and sing the song of the redeemed." She spoke in a full, clear voice.

"You are a woman," said Jonquille, in almost incoherent despair. "And I, a man, can do nothing. I helped to bring you to this pass."

"No, Jonquille," she answered. "It was God who brought us all here, like Joseph to Egypt, to save France and the world. Come with us to the door, my brother; come to the last."

"But," exclaimed Jonquille, suddenly recollecting himself, and putting his hand to his brow, "you never called yourself Honorée, and you were Chanoine of Rheims: there is some fatal mistake."

"Oh! hush, for mercy's sake," she whispered, imploringly, clasping his arm, "I trust you as I trust myself. There is a mistake, but no one guesses it except you and me. My poor mother would go mad without me; I cannot let her go alone. And what does it signify, a few days more or less? I have a cousin of the same name in the Abbaye; I am not sorry to die instead of her; her husband is not summoned, and she has little children down at her château. Who knows but God may spare her to them by a

miracle?" She stopped and looked inquiringly into his face. "Ah, do not be jealous, my friend; life is precious to me too. Perhaps I could not die for my cousin, were it not that I am the only child of my mother, and she is alone. You will not tell, Jonquille, for I have trusted you, and you are my second self; you love me, my brother, and it would break my heart if you failed me; but I have no fear of you. Come with me to the last."

He walked beside her spellbound as in a dream, seeking to say something, but unable to say it.

"Take his arm, mother," she said; "here is a son for you, to support you in your last journey." And Madame leaned upon him, murmuring to him as they went about being a good son to his mother, and not forgetting his vespers. She fell fainting on his neck at the door.

Bathilde stretched out both her hands to him as the gendarmes took charge of her mother. "Kiss me before I go. If we had been spared in this world, do you not see the world would have come between us and parted us? We part

only to meet again, and dwell together as angels yonder."

He stood looking out after her when she was gone. He could not see her mount the tumbril, place her mother's head on her shoulder, and kiss her as if she were the mother and her mother the child. The door was shut in his face; but he stood till a gendarme shook him rudely and asked, "Do you want a ride, my fine fellow? You will not get it to-night now, but you will have better fortune to-morrow, perhaps."

Jonquille went back to the corridor, and paced up and down there, with little intermission, for the next twenty-four hours. All the reason he would give for his conduct was, that it was to keep him from going mad. Remonstrance and entreaty were useless. The gaolers threatened to knock him on the head; while the poor prisoners, coveting a little oblivion, reproached him. La Sarte and Olympe came and looked up mutely in his face, but all in vain. At the close of the next day, he sat down and covered his face with his hands. For more than an hour he remained

motionless, and then raised his head before his mother had detected the rattle of the empty carts returning from the Place of the Revolution. His face was so wan, so changed, notwithstanding the smile upon his lips, that La Sarte could have sworn it was the spirit of her son, and not his living presence that was before her. "She is in heaven now, mother; I will mourn her no more. I have been for her with these wild beasts, a night and a day. But now I go to be in heaven too."

Olympe had stolen up to him, her face white and subdued. She stretched out her hand, put it round his neck, and said, "How sorry you have been for Bathilde! I wish I were like her."

"Chut! you foolish child, how could you be like Bathilde?"

"I don't think she would have said so," answered the girl, quickly.

"No," he said, musingly; and then added, "Then be like Bathilde, my little pet. But, Olympe, you must not make me angry with you again, for there is no anger with her now."

"Jonquille, there is one thing I want to ask you."

"Well, child?"

"Will you and grandmother and I go together?"

"I cannot say, but it is probable, as we were put in together under the same charge. But what do I say? They will not hurt a child like you. The citizen your father will interpose."

"No matter, Jonquille. But promise me another thing,—will you ask them to let you tie up my eyes with your own hands, and lead me to the steps as you would have done Bathilde? You know you cannot want the place for her now."

"How you do speak, little one! And yet I know not how to refuse you."

"Do not refuse me. We will stand very near La Sarte. The dear old grandmother! she has not scolded you one word to-day, Jonquille, though you have been rude. You squeezed my hand so when I took hold of yours, that the blue mark is still on my wrist. You did not mean it, Jonquille?"

"No! I did not mean it!" And he took up the bruised wrist and kissed it, as one would kiss the hurt of a child.

"Be quiet, chatterbox, you tease my boy!" interrupted La Sarte, as she stroked the damp hair off her son's brow.

"Let her alone, mother; I do not think she will tease me again."

"We will keep near La Sarte, who is so good and kind," resumed Olympe, speaking confidentially, as if she were anticipating a pleasure excursion. "We will be sure to get into heaven with her."

Jonquille was right. Olympe teased him no more. Though he was a little absent-minded, and his eyes bore more or less of a strange far-away expression, he was gentle, for he had attained on earth to an unearthly peace.

Bathilde had not long to wait. Within this month of November, Jonquille, La Sarte, and Olympe Durand, were removed together to the Conciergerie preparatory to appearing before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Oh, take me too! My mother! my brother! Let me go with them, my gaolers!" cried Jacqueline, piteously.

"Against orders," said the gaolers, stolidly.

"You must live for Michel and for that other life," said La Sarte; "even the Tribunal will spare you on that account. The Terror will not last for ever."

La Sarte took the old hair chain and chaplet from her neck: "You gave me this long ago; oh, my poor, poor Demoiselle, I dare say you have forgotten it. But I have never forgotten to pray for you, and Michel, and Jonquille. And not a prayer is uttered, any more than a sparrow falls to the ground, without His knowledge. You will put it round the néné's neck; my daughter; you will keep your own gift in remembrance of the old peasant aubergiste whom you were fond of; and it may help to bind up your poor broken heart, and rest your dizzy brain,—for ah, it is easier to die here than to live! But you used to be a brave, generous demoiselle, as Michel was a brave, dutiful man, and you would have asked the most difficult task. Is it not so, my child?"

When the little party were led before the Revolutionary Tribunal, Jonquille, though greatly changed, recovered some of his old fire. He

looked round keenly among his old associates to see if there was any friendly demonstration on behalf of him and his companions.

Not one of Olympe's relatives was present; Jonquille sorrowfully conjectured that Citizen Hercules, in his confirmed fright and incapacity, was still only trying, in a roundabout way, to find out which of the prisons his poor daughter had been conveyed to.

As for himself and La Sarte, there was Michel, in his workman's blouse, standing well forward, close to one of the clerks at the table of the Tribunal. Staid Michel, who could not get at his wife, was here leading a forlorn hope for his mother and brother. He was only too likely to be consigned to share their fate, but he would not provoke it, or draw it down on himself wantonly. La Sarte saw her elder son, and looked on him with love and pride.

Then Jonquille gazed around to distinguish old familiar faces, and note the changes. The first were not numerous, the last were notable. This Tribunal was not the Convention; but here, too, was reflected the great change which had come

over France. The old men, full of classic dr
proud, hot-headed, vehement, reckless, but yet
erous and exalted in their destructive te
cies,—the artists, philosophers, professional
and nobles, with whom Jonquille had been a
were all gone. The early men of the Re
tion had often boasted that the Tree of Li
should be watered with its enemies' blood.
now it spread its roots in more "mingled g
—it was drenched with the richest life-bloo
its planters.

The most infamous court the world has
seen was this Revolutionary Tribunal. The
Chamber, the Holy Vehm, the Inquisition,
innocent compared to it. It consisted o
judges and a jury, with nominal pleaders on
sides. There was always a crowded, tumult
audience. The Tricoteuses and the old "sl
terers," who continued to attend, and dip
in the flowing blood on occasions,—their gri
heads garnished with blonde tresses bought
the executioner with the spoils of great hous
were always well represented in the court.

what playhouse could approach the Tribunal in tragedy?

As president of the court sat the last and most hated of the Jacobins, Maximilien Robespierre. This green-complexioned, lean man, who was constantly biting his nails and hiding the twitching of his fingers, was here to teach men an awful lesson. He has found his historians, and they record truly that this was he who gave up his Arras judgeship rather than sentence one man to die;—that he was the daily associate of Madame Roland, Barbaroux, and Pétion (and they at least were incorruptible);—that he had a strange fascination for women. For not only the old madwoman, Catherine Théot, who called herself the Mother of God, and prophesied before her master, but women at once virtuous and intellectual, were ranked as devotees of Robespierre. Poor devotees! But, on the other hand, this was the man who had as strange a power of repulsion for natures unlike his own, as most women's were. For women helped largely to load him with the peculiar obloquy which gives his name a bad pre-

eminence. Women followed him hissing, spitting cursing, on the dreary way which he himself a last trod in the wake of the multitudes he hac sent to the guillotine. Thus beginning and thu: ending, thus loved and thus loathed, there is bu one reading of the hieroglyphics in which the man's history is written. The part of the anti Christ of murder, of bloodthirsty relentlessness was left to be acted by one who had lost al sense of personality, all love for humanity, anc had become the incarnation of an idea, a dogma

But Robespierre was now flourishing. There was a tremendous singleness and directness ir his rod of iron, which overpowered and paralyzec all wider, more yielding sceptres. Couthon, a paralyzed cripple, who nursed and fondled a greyhound in his withered bosom, kept him com pany on the tribune; and so did red-haired, bruta Tallien, with whom a woman, neither lofty no pure, was now going through the nursery tale o Beauty and the Beast, as heedless of its moral as the children.

The accusation was read, stating that Jonquille

Sart was a Girondist, and had been engaged in conspiracies against the existing government. Something like an "examen" ensued, and questions were asked at random both by the judges and the jury.

"Are you the person indicated here?" to Jonquille.

"I am a man and a Frenchman."

"Enough of your wit. Were you a deputy in the Convention of the year 1 of the Revolution?"

"I was deputy for La Mousse in the year of the Lord 1793."

"We recognise no such calendar. Were you anything more?"

"I was commissary of the Section 12 of Paris."

"Clerk, write him down guilty of prevarication! Did you not vote as a Girondist?"

"I called myself of no party. I voted according to my conscience."

"The herring smells of the cask. We know what company he has kept."

The pleader beside Michel rose, and went into a formal statement. Jonquille's votes he

alleged, had not brought him under the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, and he insisted on his innocence of conspiracy.

"Our time is precious," declared a judge, after half a dozen sentences. "We want no more of this. Our mind is made up. We are ready to vote unanimously that we find Jonquille Sart guilty on both charges, and are prepared to proceed with his condemnation. Let us go on."

There was a murmur of acquiescence. The Tribunal had much on its hands, so much that it was about to split into four sections.

While the president was signing the condemnation Jonquille spoke. "Citizens, give me one word. You used to hear me in another place. You see the old woman and the half-grown girl at my side. Does France make war upon old women and children?"

"We will have no questions from a condemned person. Charlotte Corday was a woman. Read the women's accusation."

"Citoyenne Marie Sart, aubergiste at Faye-aux-Jonquilles; and Citoyenne Olympe Durand, Rue

St. Honoré, in league with the prisoner, and supposed to be infected with his principles." Had they anything to say for themselves?

"My son Jonquille spoke for himself and me," answered La Sarte, staidly, in spite of her taste for making converts, under a dim feeling that a woman was not permitted to speak in a public assembly.

Olympe was bewildered. She could only say, "Ask Jonquille; he knows."

"The accusation proven by the women's admission. Second sentence of condemnation. Remove the prisoners."

"Stay! Citizen President, Citizen Judges. Hear me!"

It was Michel who spoke from his place among the audience. His intervention—indeed, all intervention—was so hopeless that Jonquille called out, "Michel, be silent."

"Communication between the prisoners and the speaker."

Gendarmes stepped to Michel's elbows.

"These are honest people," asserted Michel,

standing square and grey like a rock among wild waves. "I should know them; they are my brother and my mother."

His boldness made an impression.

"My brave Michel," thought La Sarte. Her mind sped away, and rested for an instant on her village and her auberge. The great stove, with its casts of saints and their miracles, and its load of hissing chestnuts; the wooden gallery, with its look-down into the busy court on the people, cattle, and dogs,—she saw them all in a flash; heard the creaking of the clumsy bridles, the clatter of the sabots, and the ringing of the bells of the little church among the willows, where the rime was falling thick and white. It was but the vision of a moment. La Sarte looked up again, and saw the Revolutionary Tribunal, its men in riding coats and carmagnoles, and her son Michel dressed as a warehouseman or porter; and she heard his honest voice acknowledging her and Jonquille.

"What have you to say for them?" was the astonished inquiry.

"That La Sarte is a woman full of good works. You may send and ask any native of Faye if you do not believe me. And as for Jonquille Sart, I answer for him, that he did his best when he was in authority."

"A valuable security," sneered a bystander.

The tide was turning again with swift rapidity.

"Do you want to die with your fine family?" demanded a judge, with fierce flippancy.

"No, but to save them," replied Michel.

"But if you cannot save them, to die with them then?"

"Again, no."

"Why, my independent citizen—you who are such a family man?"

"I have a wife in prison," announced Michel, incapable of subterfuge, or thinking, perhaps, to melt these hearts of stone by the tale of his misfortunes.

"Ah ha! More friends among the conspirators? But you need not have too much care on her account. The nation has undertaken to provide for her, even to the expenses of her interment.

A lively fellow like you might find another. You are ready to die?"

"No," persisted Michel, doggedly meeting the buffoonery which relieved the dark colour of the proceedings, in the interval during which notes were brought from the Committees of Safety and Security—twin satellites of the Tribunal—for the inspection of the president.

"The man is a caitiff. Are you afraid, Citizen?"

His appearance there was like fear; but the simple answer came, "I believe not!"

"What then binds you to this life which to you is made villanous?" The question was urged as much in inquisitiveness as mockery, and the arrested court interested itself in the investigation, while the Tricoteuses stopped the click of their knitting-needles, and echoed sonorously, "What binds to this life?" The president looked up, with his thumb placed at a particular point in his notes, as the voice responded,—

"God. He gave me life, and I keep it for Him till He take it back. He may yet have work for me here. The question is not my plea-

sure, but His pleasure; not my will, but my use."

"He is a fanatic, a madman!" cried Michel's assailant.

The president rose and said, "The man is dismissed," and then sat down again, with an imperious wave of his twitching hands.

Robespierre was a Deist, not an infidel. He was enraged at the anchorless extremity to which Henriot and Hébert were driving France. Michel Sart's words were the one plea for God's great, common boon of life which he had heard in that court, where arguments blew from every point of the compass. So he, the greatest blood-shedder in France, liberated Michel for them.

"Michel is saved, God be praised," said mother and brother, thinking they took their farewell look of him, as another case was called.

The three were conducted from the court, Jonquille holding up the signal finger. Their places were found in one of the tumbrils. Mother and son, with the poor young victim, Olympe Durand, between them, sat in one of the rows of full

seats in a line of carts guarded by mounted gendarmes. They were driven along the thronged streets, already partly lit, to the Place of the Revolution. The life of the streets, even on this murky winter afternoon, was that of robust, many-coloured activity and gaiety, to eyes which had long seen nothing but prisons and death. But the activity and gaiety were more remote from these people, now so near their end, than the free, thoughtless games of childhood from careworn men. The tumbrils drove as usual through the Rue St. Honoré; and as they passed her father's house, Olympe uttered a wailing cry of recognition.

"What is it, my child? It will soon be over now," said Jonquille.

Jonquille's eyes were looking very far away, until Olympe recalled him to the present. A fair, blue-eyed face peeped out from a well-known house. Seeing the occupants of the cart, its owner experienced stronger beatings of the heart than she had yet known, and fell back, distorted by convulsions. But Jonquille did not notice this.

In the Place stood the great machine, the

crowd a little back from it, but a detachment of Tricoteuses in their chairs close at hand.

"Ah! Claude, Madeleine, our old beau commissary in the fifth cart! We have not seen him for long. What a fine head he will make! I am delighted I came to-day to see our beau commissary once again. He does not see us, or else does not know his old friends. He is too high or too low,—they are all too high or too low who have to make a valet of Monsieur Coupe-tête. Is it not so, Madame la Duchesse?"

The prisoners stood beside the frame, while around them stretched the inner ring of gendarmes, with the broad belt of the unwearied mob beyond these again. Each prisoner in turn was called to ascend the steps of the scaffold. The Sarts and Olympe, having driven in the fifth cart, would have to wait a little.

"Do not look up, my child," Jonquille directed Olympe, for, pinioned as he was, he could not put his arm round her to still the beating of her heart at every rattle of the axe.

It was La Sarte who this time roused him from

his reverie. "What is it that reminds me of Faye here, my son? Quick, look around and tell me?"

"The butcher Sylvain works the knife, my mother; the hand which has often broken our bread is to slay you and me."

"It is not that. Look farther, my old eyes are dim."

"Michel is here, mother; he has followed us, he is standing bareheaded yonder in the midst."

La Sarte made a motion with her bound hands; then she leant forward, and called out to the spectators standing just beyond the gendarmes, "Is there a pitiful soul in this place who will, for his own mother's sake, do a dying woman's last small behest?"

One of the most ragged and ruffianly of the men took off his cap and muttered, "I will, Citoyenne."

Continually such appeals were made, continually they were responded to by bloodthirsty savages.

"God will reward you. Never mind whether you believe in Him," she added, for the man was about to deny the faith. "He made natural

affections, He will reward you when I cannot. A big, yellow-haired man stands yonder, bare-headed, in the midst. Go to him. Say his mother reminds him that he never disobeyed her; bid him, as her last command, to quit the Place."

The messenger departed.

"Look out again, Jonquille."

"He is gone, my mother."

"My good son, my two good sons, who never disobeyed me. Ah, I have been a happy mother!"

Sylvain was relieved by another of Samson's assistants, and came down from his place at a bound, cracking his finger joints.

"Ah! this is something like life, old friends. You, La Sarte, who tried to make a man of me, and you, Citizen Deputy, did I not say you would find work for me? did I not ask you if you would not fancy looking out of the little window for a private view of the world? There has been nothing so fine since that curmudgeon Samson was out of the way, and I had something higher than apprentice's work,—somebody better than the canaille to dispose of. The girl

with eyes the colour of the sky when the coarse day is over, and the fine night is come,—the girl who thought only of her mother, was a rare subject."

Jonquille's wan face flushed, his eyes flashed, he made a wrench at his bonds, and staggered nearer to Sylvain.

"What! holloa! my old comrade, whom I got into disgrace, and who always blamed me for his scrapes. You want to try an escape. Think not of it, my ass's colt; an escape has never been accomplished here."

Jonquille was quiet again.

"Jonquille, Jonquille, keep your vow," besought Olympe, in a thin and shrill voice.

"See here, Sylvain," said Jonquille, with calmness. "I promised this young girl something; for old acquaintance' sake permit me to fulfil my promise."

"Bravo! that is politely spoken; anything in reason, my pretty fellow."

"Only unbind my hands that I may tie up her eyes, and lead her a little bit on her way.

Faith of Jonquille Sart! I will not attempt to get off; I am not a fool, old Sylvain."

"There, I unbind you; I am not unreasonable."

"It is not like our play, Jonquille," whispered Olympe, with chattering teeth. "Must you let me go? Think you, will the knife be cold?"

"My child, I, your brother, can go no farther; but another Brother, far kinder and stronger, will walk by your side. Though you do not see Him at this moment, you will see Him soon; and listen, Olympe! grandmother has begun to sing the evening hymn."

"Does grandmother sing it? I cannot hear, there is such a ringing in my ears. Ask the other Brother to walk very close to me, Jonquille, and remember you come after me; La Sarte, La Sarte, stop your singing. Will you let Jonquille come after me? I will be good and quick, not to keep him waiting."

"Ah! yes, my child, I prefer it so. I sang by his cradle, I would sing him to his last sleep."

The old woman sang on as martyrs sing at the

stake, and poor young Olympe was gone to the great Elder Brother.

Jonquille was mounting the scaffold after her. "The girl with the mother forgave you, Sylvain?"

"Forgave me, yes; she wanted to take my hand when I let her mother go first."

"Then take mine, Sylvain; we have had our last quarrel. My mother is singing me to sleep, and you are preparing my pillow. I shall not rise from that pillow to get into any more grief. Thank you, Sylvain, you are sending me to her and young Olympe and our Lord. Good night, old Sylvain."

La Sarte was still singing when she walked up the steps. Before her eyes were bandaged she saw that the big, mournful, animal eyes, which looked into hers, were wet.

"Sylvain!"

"What is it, La Sarte?" he inquired, hoarsely.

"I have nothing to forgive you. You are giving me back to my Jonquille, perhaps he could not do without the old woman, even with the angels up yonder. But, Sylvain, I had two brave sons

who always did my bidding. My man, let me be the last you guillotine. Hark! Sylvain, I hear the bells of Faye again; not the knell for the dead, but the chimes for the joyful birth at Bethlehem."

"It is hard," grumbled Sylvain, coming down slowly. "Fresh work is the only thing that will prevent me getting disgusted with this. Ten thousand devils! what will put all their eyes—like that girl's eyes—out of my head, except fresh eyes glaring on me? But I have honour though I am a ravening beast. La Sarte, where is she now? accusing me, condemning me an unnatural son, who murdered his mother. No, no, death! it was the greatest service I could have rendered her. Long live death! long live the guillotine!"

CHAPTER XXII.

JACQUELINE'S TRIAL.

MONSIEUR dead; Jonquille, La Sarte, and Olympe guillotined; and Jacqueline alone in the prison. It was more like Hades than ever. There were more hurrying, vanishing dim shapes, more wailing lost spirits. The games, and jests, and laughter, too, were becoming always more goblin-like. But death would not take Jacqueline. Women like her were suffered to live until their children were born. This was one of the ways in which was manifested that sad, fantastical reverence for nature, which was the only thing now revered by Frenchmen. They clung to the unknown and the untried; the single ray of hope they

allowed themselves being centred in the children who were one day to be the people of France.

As Jacqueline lived for that other life, her mind began to dwell on it with a faint effort at escaping from herself and her fate. It saved her from death or madness.

Michel would get the child and rear it down at Faye. He would be good to the child, and the child would be grateful. And amidst these thoughts there awoke in Jacqueline a faint yearning after Maître Michel. There sprang up in her a renewed trust in his unfailing generosity and gentleness, a perception that she had done him wrong. Her great wish was that her child might atone to him. She mused, "How wise a father Michel will make! and how satisfied he will be with the child! What a sullen, discontented girl I was in my remorse and misery, when even Babette hated me! Perhaps there yet will be better days in the country. Monsieur Hubert may return to Faye. He may baptize and teach the child. I think I see him going up to the Tour on the summer evenings, and walking on

the terrace when the nightingale sings, or playing at tric-trac with Michel, the child pulling flowers at their feet. But who will nurse the child? Madame knows nothing of babies. Let me see, Babette—does she still live, I wonder? Ah! do they ever think of me who died so young?"

But it was not to be as Jacqueline thought. On the last day of November, Citoyenne Jacqueline Faye, ci-devant Demoiselle de Faye, was called before the Tribunal.

"The cases have been changed," said one of the gendarmes to another on the way to the Conciergerie. "I read the week's allotment only yesterday, and this woman's name was not in it. Her case has been pressed forward by influence."

Jacqueline was not curious as to what influence had pressed forward her trial. She looked blankly at the narrow, tortuous streets she had traversed with Dominique, with the Durands and Jonquille and Bertrand Pommeran, as if she had never seen them before, but had only heard them described. She had an instinctive sense that the

scant gowns which the women wore in the depth of winter made her feel the cold more keenly. The open air blew roughly on her. Her face was waxen as the semi-transparent mask-like faces of the fine mesdames of the régime that was past. But she would not have been so pierced by the wind, although it was carrying along the fogs of the Seine, had she not stripped off her mantle at starting, and given it to a half-naked, gibbering old woman beside her.

She could not have told who her fellow-prisoners were, five minutes after she had entered the cart. The sole consciousness she retained was an intense weary longing, born of bodily illness, for rest, and this was relieved only by an idle wonder as to whether Jonquille and the others had taken the same turns in the tumbril in the same period of time, whether they had been landed at the very spot where she was told to alight, and led into a similar cell of the Conciergerie. Like the foolish rhyme, or quaint tune, or little incident that flickers before the mind, or flutters on the tongue, in crises of men's histories, strangely

shutting out, or grotesquely chequering, momentous considerations, so this idle, harping curiosity regarding what had been the movements of her mother, Jonquille, and Olympe affected Jacqueline. A gaoler's wife, after having heard the requests of the other woman, who still had strength and sobriety left to make requests, turned to Jacqueline, and interpreting the parched lips and beseeching eyes as entreating something, said, "What will you, Citoyenne?"

Jacqueline answered, "Your clemency. Had you a young man, an old woman, and a young girl in your care this month?" She had a perception that she was trying the woman's patience, but she could not resist doing it.

"Pshaw! how can I remember among so many?" grumbled the woman. "I have had lots of old men and young women in my keeping this week. But what signifies? they all went one road. Now that I think of it," continued the woman, more softly, "I did have the three, an old man, and two young women, and one or other of them slept soundly in the bed to which

I shall introduce you. There," she muttered to herself, "she will rest more easily, the miserable creature. She has the mania; many come here with the mania, but not many, thank the saints! so miserable as she is. A girl in that state, and her man, without doubt, guillotined already! Suppose my man see her, he will be for giving up the trade; and nothing pays like it now, except—— But I should not like that, unless for the vengeance; the dreams at night would be awful. Now here one has only to crib the family up, like so many mice in a trap, and no fear of the dreams."

Jacquèline's whole life lately had been so like a waking dream, had been so much of an insensibility and a partial delirium, that she lay with her eyes half open. A phantasmagoria, in which La Sarte, Jonquille, and young Olympe figured principally, passed before her, and kept her as still as if she slept a dreamless sleep. Once or twice she raised herself on her elbow, and startled some of the poor creatures huddled together around her under the dim night-lamp. They were discussing

the chances, terribly few, of to-morrow, breathing half-forgotten forms of prayer, making vows, executing testamentary dispositions of their affairs, and bequeathing tokens, in the desperate hope of their reaching their relatives; while some beguiled the weary hours by playing at cards. The watchers and the gamblers were almost frightened out of their wits by a white, thin face looking out upon them, and a weak voice asking them the irrelevant questions, "What ails you? What are you doing here?"

As Jacqueline passed before the Tribunal, there was no mistaking her unconscious grace and inalienable delicacy. The lily looks still the lily, though its stem be broken and its leaves withered. Alas for the poor little Narcisse! a thousand times more like a narcisse dying in the soil and darkness of the city than when the Marquis de Lussac gave her the nickname on her summer flight from Faye. But Jacqueline woke up strangely, suddenly, grasped the bar before her to steady her, and gazed rationally, not at the judges, but at a big man in green riding coat and

long boots. It was her husband, Maître Michel, whom she had not seen thus face to face since she parted from him in the Durands' entresol on the evening of his arrival in Paris, when she addressed him in self-defence, "I did well to come to Paris, Michel."

Michel was grey, as his brother Jonquille had described him, so grey that the silvered locks gathered in his queue were now the most notable thing about him, more notable even than his stately height and breadth. To-day another peculiarity in Michel Sart manifested itself, — one which clung to him all his life afterwards, and showed itself whenever he was deeply moved. The strong lines about his mouth quivered in their muscles without losing their firm, sagacious character, as a man's hand will shake when it holds forth to his dearest friend the medicine which will either cure or kill.

"Citoyenne Jacqueline Faye, a seditious aristocrate, and an asserter of royalty before the Convention," read the public accuser.

"Pardon me, Citizen," interrupted the pleader.

with decision. "I object; there is an error in the count. The prisoner is the wife of Citizen Sart, aubergiste of the hamlet of Faye, an honest man and a republican."

Maximilien Robespierre was not on the tribune, so the name of Sart recalled no compromising antecedents. But the judges and the audience stared incredulously at the refined, half-crazed face of Jacqueline.

"The alleged objection is a farce," overruled an impatient juryman, "you are aristocrat, Citoyenne?"

"Yes, Messieurs my Judges," answered Jacqueline, and began to wander in her mind again, while Michel looked at her imploringly.

"Citizen Judges, if you please, do you hear?"

"We hear," responded the judges.

"Down with the aristocrats!" followed, with a sullen roar.

"Proceed with the accusation."

"Again no, Citizen President," persisted the pleader, with unwonted confidence. "Citoyenne Jacqueline Sart is grosse; the republic does not

destroy its unborn subjects. Citizen Sart demands life for his child."

"The ruse has been tried before," said one of the judges, harshly. "Say, then, Citoyenne Sart, will you swear to your condition?"

Poor womanhood, thus outraged, thrilled through its stupor, and made its own convincing protest: Jacqueline crimsoned to the brow, and hid her face in her hands.

There was a doubtful murmur: it meant commiseration, and a consultation among the judges.

The President rose and announced the judgment. "Citoyenne Jacqueline Sart, believed to be the wife of Citizen Sart, certificate having been offered to prove it, the Tribunal, in its clemency, admits your plea, and delivers you up to your husband, unless you should be again denounced to the Committee of Safety. Go, Citoyenne. Bring forward the next prisoner." Either for life or death, the Tribunal did its work speedily.

"Where do you take me?" asked Jacqueline, as they drew her through the crowd, that volatile crowd which made way for her, sheltered her,

cried and laughed over her as their daughter, their sister—the one in a thousand who left the bar of the Tribunal for life and liberty. "This is not the way Jonquille went. No, I cannot go out into the streets," she concluded, offering a feeble resistance.

"Hush, my wife, you are saved! come, only a little farther; come, Jacqueline!"

The mob would have killed her with kindness. They would have carried her shoulder high, they would have danced the carmagnole round her. Their love was to be feared, next to their wrath. But Maître Michel had a fiacre at a hundred yards distance, and, leaning out of it, scolding the little boys of the Paris streets, was an old familiar face,—a broad, fresh, piquant face, though by comparison thin and worn since its first appearance on the stage of Faye. It was Babette. She had been brought up from the province by Maître Michel on the bare hope of this contingency. "You have won her, Maître Michel," she exclaimed. "All the saints in heaven be praised! St. Barbe, for one, shall have the biggest candle in La Maille.

Oh, come, come to your old Babette, who will not see you hurt. Don't you remember how she was your playfellow, your servant, your adorer? Oh, my poor little old Mademoiselle, come to the arms of your Baba, and she will hold you, and cherish you, and rock you back to life and him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LONG REST FOR JACQUELINE WHILE THE STORM BLOWS ON IN FRANCE.

"YOU must not take her to Faye, Maître Michel; she would die on the road. You must carry her aside, my son, and lay her down where she will come back to you by degrees at her child's voice and touch, and look up, and wish to rise and see that the days of her mourning are ended."

Michel, tender as a mother, patient as a father, complied. It was hard to go home alone to the auberge at Faye, and to leave Jacqueline once more to the guardianship of others, especially in such days as these. But Michel was always strong for duty.

There was a little town near Paris, a royal town with royal recollections. It stood in a great forest, which in spring was hung over with green tracery, but was leafless now, with broad tracks of mire intersecting its vistas of grand old trunks.

Here Michel found a small house in an orchard, kept by an old couple who had made up their minds to shut their doors and their ears, and rest tranquil while the fierce storm rattled over France. Having no children exposed to its pitiless violence, they were able, like many another superannuated couple, to fulfil their intention. The old pair played at games—My Aunt's Garden, and the Genteel Chevalier—in bed every morning. When they had risen and were dressed they saluted each other, the gentleman going away to his gardening, and the lady to her delicate cookery, her light household work, or her tatting. In the evening they had their games again till bed-time. If any one spoke to them about the wild work without, Monsieur would say, "Pardon me, I am a little deaf. Ah! deafness is a sore

trial, it quite lays a man in the drawer, in the drawer." And Madame would explain, "Me, I am a stupid old woman; politics were not the fashion when I was young. Tell me, how goes the carpet work, or the joinery?"

This worthy couple were rather poor; so, for a consideration, they admitted Jacqueline and Babette into the stronghold of their serenity and imperturbability, asking no questions and being entirely guiltless of allusions.

In the little house in the orchard, Jacqueline, before she was eighteen, was laid down to die or to wear slowly back to life. She was restless and uneasy for many days, and could not be convinced that she was out of prison, though she missed the long corridors, the varied crowd, the hollow laughter or the dull lamentation of the shades in Pluto's domains. Towards evening she would make confused calculations on her fingers; and she was always thinking the day was a Décadie, just as working men and women imagine every rest-day a Sunday. But after a season she got accustomed to the new scene. Her child was

born a living child, she knew; and beyond that she cared for scarce anything. She lay days and weeks in the lassitude of the burden and anguish that were gone, hovering on the brink of the grave. Spring was in the wonderful forest again, and the cushions of winter—the emerald moss—were beginning to fade before a gayer embroidery, and still she lay, her spirit neither stirring, nor questioning, nor reasoning. Her host and hostess whispered about her as the poor young invalid, and solemnly shook their heads. Babette all the time waited on her mistress, as a mother waits on her child. Had she for one hour forgotten her charge, Maître Michel would have had no sick young wife to dream of by day and by night, to pray for morning and evening, to travel backwards and forwards to see. But Babette did not fail; a rare nobleness and fidelity began to show themselves in the tale told by the low-browed, full-lipped, ruddy-brown peasant face.

The first time Michel Sart came up from Faye to visit his wife, he encountered an old acquaintance at one of the Paris barriers. The man was

so changed and shrunk, his skin so blackened, and his nightcap so bleached and discoloured by his exposure for nights in doorways and under arches, that, Michel had difficulty at first in recognising him as Sylvain.

Michel was not well informed as to the butcher's last trade, but thus altered, he looked on him with distrust, and tried to free himself from his company. But in vain. Sylvain, smoking his pipe, accompanied Michel till the two were on one of the comparatively deserted avenue roads, the butcher making short observations as they went. Suddenly he dashed the pipe from his mouth. "I can do without the cloud for a moment; though I want it to fill my eyes and chase away the spectres,—yet, my faith! it only raises them sometimes. Michel, knock me on the head; I played the executioner to La Sarte, and Jonquille, the little girl they had with them, and the other girl before, as well as to a host of others."

Michel looked as though he could have complied with the request; his grey eyes flashed, and his deep chest heaved. "Monster, do you dog

me to tell me this? Leave off following me, else I shall not be able to keep myself from killing you."

Sylvain stood still, defenceless. "My brave man, kill me for mercy's sake," he said.

The tone was strange to Michel. He looked again into the haggard face. The satyr-like eyes were more unfathomably mournful than he had ever seen human eyes. "Man, you have wronged me terribly, but as I hope to be forgiven, I leave you to God."

Sylvain shrank, then came back grovelling to Michel's feet, groaning, "Do not look at me with their eyes, Michel. There is no need, I see them always; they shine on me every night from the sky in tens of thousands. No peace for me save in the clouds, and these, whether of the pipe or of the brandy fumes, only last for a moment. I thought you would have given me peace, Michel, because you are La Sarte's son. But there is one mode left yet, not forbidden. But what if the eyes shine beyond it? My God! I cannot help it, I have had enough of them here, I will

try them there," and Sylvain turned and sped back to the city, walking with uncertain, irregular steps.

Michel Sart never saw nor heard of Sylvain again, neither did Faye, save in dark whispers. His fate was unknown, even in the world of Paris. He was one of the waifs of the Revolution, with regard to whom no investigation was instituted when they disappeared from their vile haunts.

But on the same night that Michel Sart parted from Sylvain, a strange incident occurred in the gathering of the usual day's harvest. Thirty-three victims had been told off; but when the executioners counted their trophies, thirty-four heads were returned. A stranger had been jostled amongst the prisoners, and had suffered with them. Bah! Accidents would happen; it was a wonder one had not happened sooner. What was a single life? it was not worth mentioning.

Still the guillotine drove a brisk trade through the early spring, and into the hot summer again. The spectacle had grown stale, and the specta-

tors indifferent. The machine was carried out and set up in one or other of the faubourgs, to collect new and more interested audiences. What a long work of death for the gay, philosophic city, with its belt of boulevards, its lilies again in the windows, and its neglected plumes of lilac once more trailing over the gateways of the great family hotels, now the property of the Nation!

There was yet another dance of death, or what was as mournful, a dance of the fatuousness of human reason. Apostate priests in a crowd came forward and renounced the Christian creed. "There shall be one God only—the people," was the watchword. It was long ago now since an ass in a priest's vestments, with a mitre on its head, and the Mass-book, or perhaps the Bible, dragging at its tail, paraded the streets of Lyons. All France, following the example, trampled out the last embers of whatever it had held holy, burned the church furniture in huge bonfires, and perverted to basest uses chalice, patine, cross, and censer. Even the tombs of St. Denis were rifled.

It would have been a reflection on human reason to have left the dead, with raised hands in effigy pointed meekly to heaven.

A poor, vain woman, carried shoulder high, was borne into the Hall of the Nation, a red cap on her head, a blue cloak around her, oak garlands for her symbol, and a pike in her right hand. She was attended by young women in white and tricolour. The Members hailed her as Goddess of Reason, and saluted her as their divinity. They joined in the procession to Notre Dame, and, causing her to take her seat on the high altar, they chanted to her and offered her worship.

It is a relief to turn from these orgies to the faith of simple women. The nuns of Compiègne, in their long white robes and veils, sang their *Te Deum Laudamus* in the cart, and began their *Veni Creator* below the scaffold. The Superior mounted last, and closed the lofty hymn.

The ringing of forges was the only wholesome music in the country; news from the army the only cheerful tidings. Yet old Moreau was guillotined on the very day his son the general had won the

Republic a great battle. It was but another accident among the many.

As the season advanced there were open theatres, and dancing-halls, and Fraternity banquets. The streets of Paris formed one great eating-room, or succession of eating-rooms. Every man had his table placed at his door, and, with his family, ate his supper there. There was the friendly clinking of glasses on every side; but sometimes the older people would start, and shiver a little, when, as the spring sunset flushed the long row of tables, the children would dabble their fingers in the spilt wine, and laughingly call it "blood." There was little gaiety in the fraternal banquets, and little splendour in the fraternal clothing, when every man put on a shag jacket and a red nightcap, and every woman went shivering in her Greek costume, and dared not adapt any material more pretentious than cotton or muslin.

For the prison meals, they had dwindled down to the one coarse mess, and the whole scene was hideous, loathsome. The égorgeurs, who had

slaughtered the prisoners' friends, and been paid for the slaughter, were placed over the prisoners. Prison spies listened to every word of the hysteric jests and the doleful murmurs. No man trusted his brother. All that was left for bravado to do was to rouge the cheek to conceal its whiteness on the scaffold.

Lucille Desmoulins thought the world was gone altogether wrong, and her kind heart was ready to break for the misery she witnessed. She could endure it no longer, and accordingly bade her old licentious husband, the Stammerer, wade into the torrent, and try to stem it. He had enough manhood in him to believe in her and to obey her. He tried St. Christopher's feat. And so the "leaves" of the old Cordeliers, to the breathless wonder and mystification of France, and the indignation of Robespierre and his followers, fluttered abroad like birds bright pinioned, when contrasted with the ravens which had preceded them. Along with lessons culled from Tacitus and the old Romans, were hopeful proposals for a Committee of Mercy. A new whirl-

wind was raised in the Convention, under which the old Cordeliers went down, and Camille Desmoulins and Danton were arrested over night. Lucille was another Belvidera, who did not save Venice, and who lost her Jaffier. But her time for deliverance was coming fast.

Before the tribunal which their own hands had reared, and for the rearing of which Danton craved pardon of God and man, these men were tried by their fellow-revolutionists, and defended themselves with such bursts of French vanity and blasphemy as might have been looked for.

Danton pleaded powerfully against his accusers. All in vain. A new charge was raised in the middle of the trial, and by this stratagem the Cordeliers were sentenced. The cart rolled off with these lions at bay, who rose to some lion-like generosity, ere it was too late. Camille Desmoulins refused to die, but was encouraged by Danton, and met his fate at last with a lock of Lucille's hair in his hand, and Lucille's name on his lips.

Danton, too, had a wife, lately wedded, in whose

company he had spent some quiet days and weeks, during the last fearful year, and whom he mentioned with wistful fondness before he sternly rebuked himself with the memorable words, "No weakness, Danton," and turned and said to Samson, "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

Another victim in the genial April was Madame Elizabeth, styling herself bravely on the day of her trial, "Elizabeth of France, sister of Louis XVI., aunt of Louis XVII., your King." She was one of the gentlest and humblest of women, who, close to the gorgeous glitter of a throne, had, up till her thirtieth year, led a life of pure, simple family affection. She had sighed for the privacy and pious services of the cloister, and had only remained in the world because her king and brother willed it. This Elizabeth of France, on whom the evil breath of court scandal, so lightly raised, had never blown, was in her turn summoned by the voice of the mob to die. She died saint-like, as she had lived. She halved her neckerchief with a poor woman next her in the

tumbril; kissed the Marquise, who accompanied her; and begged, in her piteous womanliness, that the executioner who bared her neck would, in his mother's name, cover her.

The loved head of Lucille Desmoulins also lay low in one of the nameless heaps which filled the great pits of the dead. And then Thérèse, the wife of Tallien, thrown into prison, and in mortal terror of her life, tried what poor Lucille had suggested when neither her prosperity nor her existence was threatened. Thérèse urged on Tallien by every means of communication in her power to denounce Robespierre, and save her. "Save me; save thyself. Are ye not all doomed?" she pled cunningly in her desperation; and Tallien shuddered and mightily bestirred himself.

There were mutterings in the Convention which startled Robespierre. On July 27th Tallien accused Robespierre of tyranny, of aiming at a dictatorship and a triumvirate. The Convention, like Thérèse Tallien, their lives hanging in the balance, supported the charge: Robespierre and his friends were arrested.

There were riding and running in the dusty summer streets; signs of hope were made to the poor prisoners in the many prisons from skylights and roofs of houses—signs which they could not understand, and dared not believe or trust.

The chiefs, Robespierre, Couthon, young St. Just, Henriot, when they found everything was lost, sought the universal refuge of self-destruction. But the hands which had shed seas of blood were paralyzed when they attempted to let out their own lives. At four of the afternoon, through the streets, more crowded than ever, passed the dreariest and most ghastly tumbril load which was ever driven to the guillotine. The cart was full of maimed, half dead, writhing, cursing men. Robespierre, his jaw, which his own trembling hand had shot away, now bound up with linen, scarcely gave token of life, till a woman sprang up on the cart, and woke him with the blasting denunciation, "The death of thee gladdens my heart, intoxicates me with joy. Villain! go down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers!"

The last blow of the axe was nothing to what went before it.

Then there broke forth a jubilant shout of relief and joy through France; the prisoners breathed, the free exulted. The Terror was at an end.

Soon Parisian gaiety shone out brilliant as ever, and most adored among Parisian belles walked Thérèse Tallien, with her languishing Spanish eyes, unhesitatingly accepting a nation's gratitude. Lucille Desmoulins lay buried and forgotten in the twin heap to that which held her husband. Here was the world's justice, of a piece with the world's mourning. Women wore tiny gold guillotines as they had worn miniature models of the Bastille, and adopted red shawls apropos of Charlotte Corday's red shirt. Men had their hair plaited and turned up in the mode à la victime. There were Bals à la Victime, the right of admission to which was the production of a proof of having lost a near blood relation—a sister, brother, husband, father, or mother—by the knife; and Madame Pommeran found young Olympe's death of some use to her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TAIL OF THE TERROR IN THE PROVINCES—BABETTE'S FAITH—FÉLICITÉ POMMERAN AND HER OFFICER—FÉLICITÉ AN OLD WOMAN—BON SOIR.

"MONSIEUR is dead, saidst thou, before he could be condemned? Ah! I am sure he did his best not to die and leave his fellow-prisoners in the lurch. And he died with fortitude and resignation, professing the faith of a Christian? All that needs no telling, for Monsieur was one of the first of gentlemen when there were gentlemen; and one is forced into the realities, and can speculate no longer, when such facts meet the philosopher on all sides. Dead! Madame would have mourned for him in grand mode à l'Andromaque. Diane Ligny can only

remember what a fine man he was the first day she set eyes on him, and how he always paid court to Madame, like a prince as he was."

A noble old woman in a peasant's dress said this to Michel Sart when he broke the news of Monsieur's death to her in the auberge at Faye. She sat preoccupied for a time, and then got up, came to him, and put her hand on his shoulder. "My son," she said, "you have suffered. You were one of the people. You could allow yourself to suffer, though you combated the suffering like a brave man. There was another old woman besides Diane Ligny. She was one of Heaven's quality, and she is gone to her own place, and has taken her boy along with her, for he might not have walked with safe feet here without her. Be comforted. I forgot you for a moment, because I am old, and am not a grand dame who only forgets herself at such seasons; but Jacqueline will not forget you. She is young and good; she will come back and make it up to you, and there will be new life and a new generation at Faye."

Madame knew much; she knew that all the village was mourning for La Sarte and Jonquille; she knew that Monsieur had died, and that Jacqueline had been with her father to the end, and that the poor girl was at liberty and safe now, though too sick and weary to return home. But how great the danger to her daughter, and how narrow her escape, Madame never knew in this world.

"To whom, then, belongs the Tour de Faye, Maître Michel? Is it confiscated?" asked its old mistress, in some anxiety.

"Oh no; it is Jacqueline's. I hold it for her," answered Michel, promptly; but he did not tell that he had bought the estate months previously. Madame was a sharp woman, and probably penetrated the truth.

"Ah! there it is; a new race, a new régime. It is time Diane Ligny were gone, with the rest of the old things."

"Do not say so!" entreated Maître Michel; "you will go up to the Tour and dwell there with Jacqueline, when, by God's blessing, she returns to us. The mother of Jacqueline is for

ever at home in Jacqueline's house; is it not so?"

"Yes, as far as you are concerned, my son; but I will not go up. I am too old for any more changes. I could not die at first, because I was not puddle blood, to die in the body the moment adversity came near me. Now my family springs from a new root, prospers afresh, and I rejoice at it. But I am old, and God is good; He will let me die now, and go to my fathers, with whom only I am fit to associate, except in masquerade."

And just as though Madame had lived by force of will to play a part, she began to break up as soon as she relinquished her rôle. Her infirmities increased rapidly, but they were borne with unflinching endurance and a kind of suave dignity which exercised the most wonderful fascination over those around her. Some weeks before Jacqueline could put her feet on the turf, all that was mortal of Madame was buried by night, under the direction of Maître Michel and the farming man from Croix, in the vault of the Barons of Faye, below the little church among

the willows, the ban of the Convention still lying on the open rites of religion.

Michel carried the tidings of Madame's peaceful death to Jacqueline, now so far recovered that she could drop quiet tears for the mother who had passed away at the end of the troubles, like the sheaf of corn fully ripe and craving its garner, being unfitted any longer to stand even the favourable breezes of earthly fortune.

Jacqueline crept closer to Michel as she wept, and hid herself in his arms. "Where would Madame have been without you, Michel? You have been a true son, a true son of our house." Jacqueline repeated the words as if she had a troubled, humbled consciousness that other relations in which they had been concerned had not been so truly fulfilled. But no word of Michel's ever suggested to her such a reproach. Jacqueline's long stupor of pride, prejudice, and consuming remorse was ended. She dried her eyes, rose, and brought her child, in which she felt a young mother's exceeding pride and delight, and, putting it in Michel's arms, said timidly, "Jonquille foretold that

when I put the boy in your arms it would make up to you for all, Michel,—does it not do so?"

"There is nothing to make up, my wife; I do not presume to ask God to make up for the afflictions which He has sent to me. And you have nothing to make up but health and strength, heart and cheer, my lily; only it cannot be done in a day," answered the great, grey man, touching his child with tenderness, and looking with yet more tender reverence on his wife.

Jacqueline shook her head: "I am a poor, broken down, withered creature, not worth the having, Michel. But if God spare the child, he will bloom beside you, and make you proud and glad for his sake. I thought of it in the prison."

Michel, thinking to please her, asked what their son should be called, and said that he should like him to bear the name of Gabriel, adding that the boy might live to see men's honours restored, and to assume the arms and bearings of the De Fayes.

"No," said she, "Gabriel is a dear name, and it is written on my heart. If I ever have another boy, it shall be given to him; but as for this one, he

shall be quite a Sart. Michel—Marie—Jonquille, our mother's name between those of her two sons, borne by her grandson. Will it not be well, Michel?"

He softly kissed her, and said all was well; and then she sat down beside him, and began to prattle to him, in something like a faint echo of his Demoiselle's old talk of the forest, and the storms, and the Great Hunter, whose spectral feats reminded her of those of the Georgière of Faye.

Michel set out for the Tour to make preparations for removing the young Madame, Babette, and the puppet, as Babette without ceremony styled the son and heir, to the old ancestral home.

One day in the end of June Jacqueline was sitting out in a glade of the forest, idly pulling handfuls of wild ranunculuses and anemones, and strewing them about the happy six months' child in her lap. Babette sat with her knees drawn up, spelling out passages in a copy of the *Moniteur* extended before her. Babette assiduously practised her scholarship in journal-reading, but she very rarely communicated the information thence

derived to Jacqueline, who once had fancied she would not like to live among the shaddocks and pineapples of a West Indian island, like Virginia with her Paul, because she would be deprived of the *Mercure de Paris.* Jacqueline was not yet so far recovered as to desire news, and in general shrank when the terrible troubles, in which she had borne a part, were referred to in her presence. She knew that the power of evil was broken in France, and said, "We will thank God for it with all our poor women's hearts, Babette; we will keep a day in its remembrance during every year of our lives. We will pray now that poor creatures going out of the prisons will find dear old friends, and unconscious little cherished ones, to pour oil and wine into their wounded spirits, and bind them up, and win them back again to life and hope."

But now Babette, clutching the paper, pushed it before Jacqueline, and pointed with a broad, brown finger to a particular paragraph in a long column headed "Continuance of the Terror in the Provinces." The paragraph ran:—"At La Maille, in the department of the Mousse, the

executions have not yet ceased. A man of consideration, Citizen Michel Sart, purchaser of the estate of Faye, and brother of the late deputy from the Mousse, Jonquille Sart, who was guillotined at Paris during the winter, was arrested in attempting to announce the changes in the Convention, and to prevent further bloodshed. It is too probable he has by this time formed another victim."

"Look at it well, Mademoiselle. It is Maître Michel, your protector, the father of your child," cried Babette, her eyes flashing.

"Oh, Michel, Michel, what can I do?" sobbed Jacqueline, startled, and shaken, and smitten with new anguish and dismay. "Oh, Michel, why did you not suffer me to die with the rest?"

"Not a word of that," said Babette, fiercely, stamping her foot. "Not a word of dying, Mademoiselle, or I shall think you altogether unworthy of him. He never thought of dying; neither when the ball was in his own hands, nor when he could but stand aside and look on at the game, and wait for the distant chance of a throw. A dog can die, Mademoiselle. And do not swoon now.

There will be space and leisure for swooning when it is all over. Think how Michel loved you, how he served you, asking—bah! taking no recompence; content to be your disregarded, unrepaid benefactor and servant. Know you I was once a devil,—I told him where he would find honour and devotion nearer to his own, after I had bidden him believe that you were false to him, that you had met your cousin in Paris, and that Michel Sart's kindness and his wife's duty were alike forgotten."

"He could not, he dared not believe it of me," cried Jacqueline, indignantly, in her weakness.

"No, Mademoiselle, he could not; but because he was so good, not because you had not done anything to try his faith. It is not every man who will hold to his own warm heart an icicle, continually pining and melting away in tears for others. As to daring, he might have dared. Was he not brave when he stood asking the life of his mother and his brother; claiming his wife from the Tribunal? Is he not brave when at last he dies, a grey-headed martyr in his prime, for the ungrateful people of La Maille?"

Jacqueline was crawling to her servant's feet. "Oh, Babette, it is true. I speak no more of myself or of death. I am not good enough to die. I have been a selfish, inconsiderate, cruel girl; but, Babette, you who knew me when I was a child, help to keep me from being a base, ungrateful wretch. God will not let us be too late. Get up and go with me to tell him, to tell everybody what he has been. If I perish, some mother will take my child."

The two women set out for La Maille. They travelled as untutored and delicate women have sometimes travelled in extremity;—by diligences still running, by post-chaises, on dead priests' mules, on cart-horses, and sometimes they walked on foot, one or other carrying the child, along tangled cross-roads, where there was not even a bridle path. Occasionally they would beg, to be furthered on their journey, for money and charity. They met many wanderers, and some skulking villains who had been Terrorists, but were now in terror of their own lives. They travelled late at night, and early in the morning, and

throughout the sultry noon, scarcely stopping for food or sleep. No one harmed the two women. The most helpless may be suffered to go unharmed; and the one protected the other. Babette protected Jacqueline by her peasant hardihood and strength; Jacqueline protected Babette by her gentleness and weakness.

At last the two reached the familiar environs of La Maille. Nearly two years before, Jacqueline had driven with Maître Michel in the early August morning along that road, and in her crumpled white gown and La Sarte's cloak had gone before the mayor to be wed. There were the old baronial houses with their peaked roofs, their coats of arms mutilated and defaced. The châteaux in the vicinity had their windows broken and the smoke of burning upon them; the thickets of fresh blossoming roses in the gardens were lying in mingled ruin and renewal under the rich purple of the evening sky.

The poor travellers had alighted from their last conveyance, and dismissed it, not to run the risk of being detained at the gate.

They were entering the town on foot as expeditiously and inoffensively as possible. Suddenly, the sound of bells ringing and drums beating was borne on the peaceful air. The two women halted and held each other, heart-broken at their journey's end. Was it the tocsin, the signal of rage and alarm, the note of Maître Michel's execution?

"Courage, my little Mademoiselle," cried Babette, throwing herself down frantically on the road, and clasping her mistress's knees to sustain her and the child. "These are joy-peals, and look you, yonder is the reflection of fireworks beginning to shine in the sky; it will be seen as far as Faye. Whatever commotion may be in the wind, La Maille is not so far left to itself as to rejoice over the sacrifice of Maître Michel. Listen, my mistress; I believe he is delivered. The people know, as well as you and I, the true and noble man he is. I doubt not they are crowding round him to do him honour, rejoicing that he has triumphed: shall you and I and his child alone be absent?"

Babette was right; the reaction had set in at La Maille. Michel Sart had lain in prison, as so many of his own friends had done, the doom of death lowering over him, until the clouds had burst asunder, and the sun had shone through. The people of La Maille, like the people elsewhere, had at last learned that there was no perennial spring of happiness in wanton, licentious destruction. The mass had accepted the new light. Leavened with fresh, irresistible power, they had risen against the tyrants there also, and demanded a change of system,—the putting down of the executioners and the executions, the freeing of the arrested,—justice and mercy.

Maître Michel had not only been freed, but was now regarded in La Maille as the man who had struck the first blow at the destroyer, and had all but perished in the deed. He was the hero of the hour. The French, of all nations, can least do without a hero. Though Michel Sart was elected to the post of hero of La Maille, much to his own astonishment, he was a worthy one, and that is saying more for him than can

be said for many popular heroes, be they heroes for a night, or for an age.

Michel was standing on the steps of the mairie with the mayor, the same who had married him to Jacqueline, and who was now making clumsy gestures of immense respect and admiration towards his illustrious friend. A great throng of huzzaing, dancing, and singing men, women, and children filled the place, in the centre of which crackled a bonfire of old barrels and brushwood.

Michel was come out to receive an ovation, and to answer an address, though he was not an orator like poor Jonquille. The people, too, would have the opportunity of looking on his strong frame, his lined face, and his grey head. The wildest, not many days ago clamouring for blood, were now melted by another impulse, and pressed up to him to kiss his hands.

The homage was not wholly palatable to Maître Michel. Possibly enough, his mind would all the time wander dreamily and yearningly to the old woman who had been his first teacher, to the young brother who might have been his

mouthpiece to-day, and to the sick young wife from whom he had been twice so nearly torn. His steady head grew dizzy in thinking of these things in his thankfulness. But he was a good man, to whom sympathy, and the atoning for past offences, were precious. Thus he stood there manfully, and patiently accepted the public acknowledgment, answering it to the best of his ability: "You have too much regard for me, my friends. It is true, I did my best to save some of you, and the great thing is that I succeeded. Let us all exult that a man may in future do his duty without the risk of destruction, and for the rest, say no more about it."

In the midst of the shrill huzzaing which followed the speech, a young, pretty girl, the prettiest in La Maille, and dressed in white for the occasion, advanced towards Michel, and wanted, as the grand climax of the demonstration, to crown him with the oak wreath.

But Michel prevented her by quickly and gently taking the wreath from her hand and placing it on the girl's head instead. "It will suit you better

than me, Citoyenne," he said, and as he spoke he touched his grey hair. "I wear my crown already. See the garland the Revolution has given me."

The men tapped each other on the back approvingly, the women sobbed and hugged their children closer to them, and then, after a moment, held them up to see the good citizen whom the Revolution had made like a father to them all, while he was yet in his prime.

But the affair of the crown was not the climax. Two soiled, wayworn women, the one very young and fair, the other with a child in her arms, pushed their way through the market-place. The crowd opened up before them as by magic, though the only magic was that of the stout, comely peasant woman telling all before her, "It is his wife; it is the old Demoiselle de Faye. Do you comprehend? She thought to see him under the guillotine, and now that he is on the people's shoulders, do you not believe she is a world prouder of him than any of you can be? Place for the wife, the child, and the servant of Maître Michel!"

Michel did not see the two women till the last

moment; the confusion they created concealed them from him. They were lifted up the steps, and Jacqueline sought to kneel and clasp his hand, now freed from all other claimants, and press it to her lips. It was she who spoke to the crowd;—"He sheltered me and mine; he saved me in extremity, my dear, brave husband. If you do him homage, how much more should I, before you all, proclaim to him my love, duty, and undying devotion?"

The crowd heard the testimony in a breathless silence of surprise, succeeded by a louder and louder tumult,—the renewed sobbing of the women, the embracing of the men, mixed with clapping of hands, and cries of "Live the Citizen and the Citoyenne Sart! Live Maître Michel and his wife!" and, in spite of the laws they had framed and gloried in, "Live the new Sieur and Dame de Faye!"

It was at once strangely sweet and exquisitely painful to Maître Michel to be thus unexpectedly hailed by the people and acknowledged by Jacqueline. But for the first few minutes he did nothing

save scold her and Babette. "You are killed, I know it, Jacqueline. Were you mad, Babette? Jacqueline, what are you about? Am I barbarian or Turk that my wife should thus prostrate herself to me?"

Jacqueline was a little frightened at the rough voice, never rough to her before—at once frightened and fascinated. "My Michel! I could not help it. I thought I should never see you again to tell you how true a wife I was going to be."

The sweetness was flowing like a great tide over the subtle pain. Michel's face glowed as it had done when he walked with Jacqueline on another summer evening from the hamlet to the Tour, and spoke of dying for his Demoiselle. But now there was a man's triumph and joy in the flushing cheek and flashing eye, as well as the glow of the old-world chivalry and loyalty which used to reign there. Michel could have persuaded himself that he heard the nightingale in the bocage at Faye through all the roar.

But it was only Jacqueline's voice, now no longer a scared voice, for he had smiled down on her,

hanging on his arm, and telling him in her sweet tones, "I was so young, Michel, and I had newly dreamt a foolish dream. But I do know you at last, my husband, and need not to grow any older or wiser to understand what you are, since you have brought me out of the chambers of the dead, restored me to life and earth again. I do not ask you to have still patience with me, Michel, because you loved me when I was silly and proud, foolish and vexatious."

France had progressed, or retrograded, into a Directory. The poor little Dauphin under the care of Simon, the shoemaker, had been released from his misery, and again experienced the touch of kindness. The sad young girl, his sister, had been exchanged for General Lafayette, and was gone to her mother's gay Vienna to grow up to womanhood, marry, and return among the rulers of France, but never to laugh again—the young girl's simple trick of laughter being lost for ever.

Down at Faye the sea of blood had long ebbed. Those who had perished in it were not forgotten, but had risen above the earthly horizon, and were

shining like stars in the heavenly firmament. Faye itself, and the Tour, were grey and quiet again as old grey lichens. Michel Sart and his wife Jacqueline, with their children about their knees, dwelt full of peace, bounty, and brightness. They had lived to appreciate the "clear shining after rain." The roses and hawthorn blossomed on the terrace, and the acacias and privets in the Ravine of Plums. There were red cherries in the little orchards, and blue grapes on the hamlet trellises, and round the gallery of the auberge, now kept by Babette, and only occasionally visited by Michel and Jacqueline, to be looked at with half pensive, half glad eyes.

Everything was changed, and the new régime established. The aristocrats, coming out of their hiding-places, found another world. The farmers-general who had not been "suspects," the financiers, the lawyers, the men of intelligence, worthy and unworthy, the risen and rising men like Michel Sart, ruled at home and abroad, and continued to rule and hold their own. Their one great aim was to prevent the building up again of the Babel towers of the old quality. Only a few old relics of the past were left, to talk proudly

of the glories of bygone days, and hope vainly for their restoration.

At the Tour, too, all was changed, but nothing was forgotten. Among the new furniture,—the chintz, muslin, maple, and sandal wood,—in the suite of rooms held by husband and wife in common, there was many a vestige of another generation, another mode of life. Here a cabinet without a door, there a battered screen, or a riveted Sèvres dish, recovered from the wreck. True, the picture of Madame as the nymph with the alabaster bow and the alabaster skin was gone, and so were Monsieur's pickings from natural history, his reputed roc's egg and his crocodile,—but there were Monsieur's cordon bleu, which Jacqueline had taken from his breast after he was dead, and Madame's fan and snuff-box. And beside these lay an old peasant woman's chaplet, and under a cover a frayed yellow letter, which began, "Mamma, your son is one of the Commissaries of Paris."

In like manner, over the new servants was old Paul, peppery as well as vinegarish, but perhaps good for tempering the oil and green leaves of

the household salad. He was great on precedents, as the late Baron's major-domo and valet, but a little inclined, in the fashion of crazed Dominique and Babette, to address Madame as Mademoiselle. He never forgot, however, to greet Michel Sart, not with hereditary admiration and reverence, as Monsieur the Baron, but somewhat after this fashion:—"Our master, my domestics, our benefactor and master."

To be seen frequently among the maidservants and the children of the house was the tall, stately, broad-faced, rich-coloured aubergiste of Faye, the most capable, prosperous aubergiste within a score of leagues. To her our master always nodded, and smiled his grave, kind smile. When he was absent, Madame, slight and spirituelle as ever, leant graciously on the aubergiste's shoulder, walking and talking, for she had recovered her full gift of speech.

Babette used to enforce earnest lessons on the boys. She would say, "My pets, love your father. I do not say love your mother, for everybody loves the beautiful, graceful, happy dame whom your father adored always. But

every one does not know that the quiet man at her back is the best man in France. She knows it now; I have ever known it; and the people of Faye have a suspicion of it at last, though they still think Monsieur Sart is plain, not a fine accomplished man by nature, like poor young Jonquille. Love your father, little ones; you can never love him enough. You will love your mother also; you are as fond of her, with her noble, tender heart, and her pretty ways, as the flowers are of the dew; but love your father not the less, though he is too busy a man to notice you much. Now go, my marmots. I run down to the auberge to entertain my customers, and to receive my little friend, Citizen Pepin. He brings the liquorice for the winter colds, and he gets the wine he loves."

But Babette had never any other words to say to her innocent, faithful admirer than—"You know my terms, Citizen Pepin; if you want a mistress to whom to tell your private thoughts, and keep you straight, and sew on a button when she is not too seriously occupied, or put a flower in your button-hole, or accept one from you to stick in her corsage, to go to mass with you on holidays, and

walk along and look after you when you are sick, —for me, I do not object to that. But if you will have a friend to marry you before a priest, and go and live with you altogether, for the purpose of cuffing each other, then I will have nothing to say to it." Pepin had long ago struck hands on the bargain, which any impartial person may see was not without its substantial advantages to him. In return for his devoted attendance, Mademoiselle Babette protected him, petted him in a sharp, imperious, sometimes scornful way, and loved him with a curious kind of remorseful, satirical, yet grateful love.

First in England, then in France at the Bourbon Court after the Restoration, and finally at the Orleans Court—which dynasty they acknowledged as flowers in their season,—the Chevalier and Madame de Faye, late Madame de Croï, were leaders of the world. They were worldly, roué, artificial, heartless, far apart in everything, except when it suited them to have a common roof and a common name; and were slightly united, even in their child. They furnished an excellent specimen of the traditional French couple and French home.

In another coterie in France Félicité Pommeran basked in her officer's renown. She lived to see the slouched shoulders surmounted by gold epaulettes, and the faultless Greek face set off by a general's helmet and plume. Even Madame Durand's ambition for her beautiful daughter was satisfied, and Citizen Hercules declaimed more loudly in praise of Buonaparte than he had ever done in honour of the Convention. Poor young Olympe had leaped at a right conclusion. It was fortunate for Félicité that after the first fervour of his romantic passion and its spice of intrigue, her soldier was rapidly transformed into the severe and haughty head of a family. At the expense of his exclusive authority and rights Félicité dared not please the world, unless by being the most popular and beloved of the dames of society, a distinction with which Bertrand found no fault, as serving, by the way, his interests. Her finesse, her manœuvring, her beatings of the heart, were in the end confined to comparatively harmless wheedling of her husband for the occasional smiles and caresses which Jonquille, the peasant-born deputy, would have lavished upon her.

But Félicité did not regret the past, nor was she remorseful over it, nor did she even avoid it in her reflections. Such conduct would have argued feelings on her part alien to her nature. On the contrary, she delighted to recount, with blue eyes swimming in tears, all her experiences of the Revolution. She would tell how the soi-disant Demoiselle de Faye took refuge in her father's entresol; how charming and distinguished she was; how she went mad, and was lost, about the time of the affair of Charlotte Corday, but was long afterwards rescued, she knew not how. Above all, how she herself had been affianced for a time to a young deputy and commissary of the Convention, who came constantly to the house in the Rue St. Honoré, and was brave and handsome; and how the General, under a temporary cloud, and discountenanced by her parents, lived under their roof, paying his addresses to her; and how jealous her two fine lovers had been of each other.

Then she would come to the fall of the Girondists, and the poor young commissary, and the loss of her angel sister, who had wandered abroad, and

been arrested along with Jonquille Sart, and been guillotined with him,—she getting a glimpse of them in the cart, and fainting away. She nearly fainted away at the recital, yet she always persisted in giving it.

When ten years more had fled, and the little corporal, the First Consul, the Emperor, all his campaigns ended, with his chin sunk on his breast, and his arms folded, was eating his heart out on the island-rock in the wide western sea, and one of the most handsome and gallant of his generals had fallen in his last great battle, Félicité added her beloved husband to the select sentimental group of her slain friends.

A score more years, and Félicité was the loveliest of old women, with admirers and servants, whose respective claims she had to adjust to the end of her days. Children, and children's children, courted her like lovers,—the dear, beautiful old mamma, to whom they awarded more spontaneous homage than they accorded to younger women. She would still descant without the slightest difficulty, to those charmed audiences, on the rival merits of Bertrand Pommeran and Jonquille Sart,

describing them in animated detail. She would exclaim, with a little apology to the rising generation, that there were no such men now as the Deputy of the Girondist Convention and the officer of Napoleon. But the men could not help it, poor mortals, they had not the same theatre to figure on, and—ah! well, perhaps there were not now such women either, as figured in the Revolution.

Michel Sart and Jacqueline spoke softly of their mother, their brother; walked more hand in hand, clave more entirely to each other, and stood more firmly together, even in the centre of their children and their friends, because of the old trials.

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